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MY COOKERY BOOKS

MY COOKERY BOOKS

BY ELIZABETH ROBINS PENNELL

BOSTON AND NEW YORK
HOUGHTON MIFFLIN AND COMPANY
MDCCCCIII

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INTRODUCTION

IT is not given to every one to be a collector of fine books and rare first editions. The prizes are reserved for the millionaire. But the most modest bibliophile, by the pursuit of one special subject, may get together a collection valuable for other reasons. I do not know that I deserve so ambitious a name as bibliophile, but I have no doubt as to the value of the collection of cookery books about which it has been my pleasure and privilege to write. I admit that to the moneyed book-hunter, though he would envy me a few of my volumes, a great number, from his point of view, might seem poor trash. Nor do I claim for my collection completeness. I would not be so foolish with those two thousand five hundred entries in M. Vicaire's Bibliography forever haunting me as a reproach. But then, M. Vicaire does not own the two thousand five hundred books, and I very much doubt whether any one individual ever will. The collector is but mortal. All I claim is that my collection has grown to respectable and, I believe, unrivaled proportions, and

that the number of books in it, and the countries and centuries they represent lend them as a series the importance which it would be absurd to attribute to each taken separately.

As for the subject, mine first by chance and now by preference, it needs no apology. Everybody eats and everybody should enjoy eating. The old asceticism that held pleasure in food to be gluttony, and consequently one of the seven deadly sins, has all but disappeared. Even Woman has thrown off the traditional shackles and is no longer ashamed of an honest appetite. It is too late now for the novelist, however romantic, to carry her through the serious crisis of her life, with Fielding's Sophia, on "a little sack-whey made very small and thin." The new generation believes with Brillat-Savarin that love of good living is by no means a blemish in woman, though, perhaps, as yet, not every one would go to his lengths and believe that a pretty woman is never prettier than when at table. In one way, something of the old prejudice lingers. It is still considered demoralizing, or, at least, "bad form" to think much about food and drink. But this is a mistake. It was when men and women began to think about eating that they developed it

into the Fine Art it ought to be. Sounds might have remained mere noise but for the musician, colors mere discord but for the painter; eating would never have been more than a gross necessity but for the gourmet. "Il faut manger avec esprit," says a French authority, and to do so requires the thought and enthusiasm that the musician or painter gives to his art.

Neither does the study of Gastronomy through the ages call for an explanation. "Tell me what you eat, and I will tell you what you are" is the fourth in Brillat-Savarin's list of Fundamental Truths. It would be more to the purpose to explain why the historian and the philosopher have hitherto paid so little heed to the subject. The world still waits for the Carlyle who will write for it a Philosophy of Food. When he comes he will find in my collection the material made to his hand.

But if eating were not an art, if food had not its philosophy, my books would still be amusing, and that is their great recommendation. No black-letter man, nor tall copyist, nor uncut man, nor rough-edge man, nor early English dramatist, nor Elzevirian, nor broadsider, nor pasquinader, nor old brown calf man, nor Grangerite,

nor tawny moroccoite, nor gilt topper, nor marbled insider, nor editio princeps man, to borrow Dr. Hill Burton's classification, could get as much genuine amusement out of his books as I do out of mine. Now this amusement, for several reasons, either dwindles, or else changes its character so completely, by the end of the eighteenth century that I have brought the story of my books and the bibliography down to no later date. In the nineteenth century there were, on the one hand, the cookery books, prosaic as primers, that, with their business-like, practical, direct methods, were more useful in the kitchen than entertaining in the library; on the other hand, the books about cookery, so literary in flavor that they were not adapted to the kitchen at all. The new writers, of whom Grimod de la Reynière was the first great master, brought about such a revolution in not only the style, but the very attitude of writers on cookery, that I prefer to consider their work by itself. My study of all these books has made me sufficiently an artist to want to see my own volume as perfectly rounded out. It is my respect for them that shows me the folly of dogmatizing upon the many I do not know at first hand. In the following pages, I do not pretend to rival M. Vicaire or

Mr. Hazlitt bibliographically. I have not the temerity to wander further afield than my own collection.

The illustrations speak for themselves. The old title-page always has charm, and, in the cookery book, it has besides a character of its own. It served the author the purpose of the modern tradesman's poster or advertisement until, at times, it seems as if his one object had been to sum up upon it the entire contents of his book. The portraits that appear as frontispieces are, to me, an endless source of delight. What new dignity a cookery book acquires when a queen or a man of title presides over it! And with what increased deference one reads the receipts of the chef who evidently takes himself as seriously and solemnly as Robert May or E. Kidder! I wish I could give all the portraits. But it would be unfair to my collection if I did not also show some of the amazing allegories which occasionally replaced the portrait as frontispiece, and of which the plates from Les Dons de Comus and Dr. Lister's edition of Apicius Coelius are typical examples. There are, moreover, the illustrations in the text. I should like nothing better than to include the complete series of plates from Scappi's book, for nowhere else that I know of is there so interesting and full an inven-

tory of the kitchen as it was in sixteenth century Italy. The models for the carver, whether of fish, fowl, or fruit, are characteristic, and the one design for setting a table barely does justice to a detail of dining, that, for long, pre-occupied the authorities. The eighteenth century books are full of such plates.

It is impossible, however, to exhaust a collection like mine in a single volume. I can only hope that what illustrations there are, together with my praise, all too feeble, of the irresistible text, will send the curious to the originals. Though, in self-defense, it might be wiser to restrain the ardor of the enthusiast until a few of the more glaring gaps on my shelves have been filled.

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MY COOKERY BOOKS

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COOKERY BOOKS

I

IT was with something of a shock that I woke one morning and found myself a collector of cookery books. I am not sure which seemed the more extraordinary, — that there should be cookery books to collect, or that I should be collecting them. I had thought — if indeed I had thought anything about it — that Mrs. Rorer and Cassell's Dictionary exhausted the literature of the subject, though I had heard of Mrs. Glasse: partly because the "First catch your hare," which she never wrote, long since passed into a classical quotation; and partly because, when I first came to London, George Augustus Sala was still writing the newspaper notes he could rarely finish without a reference to "good old Hannah Glasse." However, had I known then, as I do now, that cookery books are almost as old as time, my principles — and my purse — were against collecting anything, especially in Lon-

don, where it adds seriously to the burden of cleanliness. But who does go about it deliberately? Mr. Andrew Lang calls collecting a sport; Dr. Hill Burton defines it first as a "human frailty," then as a "peculiar malady," which is the definition I accept. Certainly I can trace my attack to its deadly germ.

I had undertaken, in an ambitious moment, to write a weekly column on cookery for the Pall Mall Gazette, when my only qualifications were the healthy appetite and the honest love of a good dinner usually considered "unbecoming to the sex." To save me from exposure, a friend gave me Dumas' Dictionnaire de la Cuisine, the masterpiece of that "great artist in many varieties of form," to quote Mr. Henley, as it is appropriate I should, since he was the friend who came so nobly to my aid. The book was useful beyond expectation. I borrowed from its pages as lavishly as Dumas had, in compiling it, helped himself from the dishes and menus of Beauvilliers and Vuillemot. The danger was that I might borrow once too often for the patience of my readers; and so, chancing presently on the uniformly bound works of Carême, Etienne, and Gouffé in a second-hand bookshop, I bought them, without stopping to ask if they were first

editions, — as they were not, — so far was the idea of collecting still from my mind. My one object was good "copy." But booksellers always manage to know you are collecting before you know it yourself. Catalogues poured in upon me, and I kept on buying all the cookery books that promised to be of use. Gradually they spread out into an imposing row on my desk ; they overflowed to the bookshelves ; they piled themselves up in odd corners ; they penetrated into the linen closet, — the last place, I admit, the neat housekeeper should look for them. And yet, it was not until the summer when I went without a new gown, and carried off at Sotheby's, from the clutches of the dealer and the maw of the librarian, one of the few first editions of "good old Hannah Glasse" — the very copy from which Sala made hundreds of articles — for fifty dollars, and bought a bookcase for I do not remember how many more, that I realized what had happened, and then it was too late.

Anyhow, my sin has not been the "unlit lamp and the ungirt loin." If it be a mistake to collect, at least I have collected so well that I have yet to find the collection of cookery books that can equal mine. It may

be put to shame when I consult M. Georges Vicaire's Bibliographie Gastronomique, with its twenty-five hundred entries, especially as M. Vicaire's knowledge of the English books on the subject is incomplete, and his ignorance of the American exhaustive, — he has never heard of Miss Leslie, poor man. But I am in countenance again when I refer to Mr. Carew Hazlitt's bibliography ; for I rejoice in a number of English books that have no place in it, while it barely touches upon foreign books, of which I have many. When it comes to actual collections, I triumph. Mr. Hazlitt speaks of the "valuable and extensive assemblage of English and foreign cookery books in the Patent Office Library ;" but it dwindles to modest proportions when compared to mine. A private collection in Hampstead was described to me by Dr. Furnivall in terms that threatened my overwhelming discomfiture ; but, on examination, cookery proved a side issue with the collector, and though I felt like slipping two or three of his shabby little calf-bound volumes into my pocket when he was not looking, there were innumerable gaps I could have filled. The cookery books at the British Museum are many, but diligent searching of the catalogue has not

revealed so great a number or as many treasures as my small bookcase contains. A rumor has reached me of an extraordinary series left as a legacy to the Public Library at Salem (Massachusetts) ; but I have not the money to cross the Atlantic and face the truth, or the courage to write to the librarian and hear it from him. I know, too, by repute, of the books of the Society of Cooks at Bordeaux ; am I not just now in correspondence with their bookseller? There is also, I know, a Company of Cooks in the city of London, but I doubt if they own a book, or, for that matter, can claim a real cook in their ranks. Besides, so long as I have seen no other existing collection, I can continue to flatter myself that mine is unrivaled.

The reason for pride may not be clear to the average woman, who looks upon the cookery book, at its best, as a kitchen Baedeker, or to the average man, who would consider it unmanly to look upon it at all. But that is simply because the average woman and the average man do not know. The cookery book has every good quality that a book can have. In the first place, it makes a legitimate appeal to the collector, and M. Vicaire and Mr. Hazlitt show what the bibliographer can do with it.

Man, the cooking animal, has had from the beginning a cooking literature. What are parts of the Old Testament, of the Vedas, but cookery books? You cannot dip into Athenæus without realizing what an inspiration food and drink always were to the Greek poet. As for the Romans, from Virgil to Horace, from Petronius to Lucian, praise of good eating and drinking was forever their theme, both in prose and in verse. Early French and English historical manuscripts and records are full of cookery; and almost as soon as there was a printing press cookery books began to be printed, and they have kept on being printed ever since. It would be strange if, among them, there were not a few that provided the excitement of the hunt and the triumph of conquest. For the lover of the early printed book, there are the De Honesta Voluptate of Platina, 1474; the Viandier of Taillevent, — about 1490, according to Vicaire, is the date of the first edition; and the Cœlius Apicius, 1486. For the "Elzevirian," there is the little Pâtissier Français, that once fetched three thousand dollars in the sales room, and seldom brings less than three hundred, — prices that impart dignity to all cook books. For the "Editio-Princeps man," there is the rare Mrs.

Antonius mota Ad vulgus.

Plaudite fartores: cætari: plaudite ventres
Plaudite myſtili tecta per vncta coqui
Pila ſit albanis quæcunq; ornata lagænis
Pingue ſuum copo limen obeſus amet
Occupat inſubres altiſſimus ille nepotum
Gurges & vndantes auget & vrget aquas
Millia ſex ventri qui fixit Apicius alto
Inde timens: ſumpſit dira venena: famem.

Ioannes ſalandus lectori.

Accipe quiſquis amas irritamenta palati:
Precepta: & leges: oxigarumq; nouum:
Condiderat caput: & ſtygias penitrauerat vndas
Celius: in lucem nec rediturus erat:
Nunc teritur dextra verſatus Apicius omni
Vrbem habet: & tectum qui perigrinus erat:
Acceptum motte noſtro debebis: & ipſi
Immortalis erit gratia: laus & honor:
Per quem non licuit celebri caruiſſe nepote:
Per quem dehinc fugiet lingua latina ſitum.

Impreſſum Mediolani per magiſtrum Guilermum Signerre Rothomagenſem Anno dñi. Mccccixxxx viii. die. xx. menſis Ianuarii.

Glasse in folio, when always afterwards she appears in less ambitious octavo, — to name but the most widely known of all. These are not prizes to be dismissed lightly.

My pride compels me to add (in parenthesis, as it were, for I had not meant to write about it here) that I own not only the Mrs. Glasse, but the Cœlius Apicius. It is, in the 1498 edition, a beautiful book, printed in the Roman type William Morris approved and copied for the Kelmscott Press, the page harmoniously spaced, with noble margins, a place left at the beginning of divisions for the illuminator's capitals, and the paper tenderly toned with age. My copy is in surprisingly good condition, — not a tear or a stain anywhere. It has an interesting pedigree. Dr. Blackie's autograph and the bookplate of Dr. Klotz, the German collector, are on the fly-leaf. But it has no title-page! However, even in its mutilated state it is rare, and, though I cannot read it, — I went to school before the days of the higher education for women, and to a convent, so that all the Latin I learnt was the Ave and the Pater, the Credo and the Confiteor, — I look upon it as the corner stone of my collection.

Still, I am not like Dibdin's Philemon, and I like to read my books. It is another of the good qualities of the cookery book that when you can read it, it makes the best reading in the world. For this pleasure I must come to my shelf of the seventeenth-century English books; mostly small duodecimos in shabby battered calf, one in shabbier battered vellum, their pages browned and stained with constant use. It must not be thought that my collection leaps in this disjointed fashion from century to century. Some very rare and quaint sixteenth-century Italian books are the link between these duodecimos and the Apicius; but to interpret them I need a dictionary at my elbow. Besides, they have been well cared for by the bibliographer, and I want to show first, what has not been shown before, how delightful the old cookery book is as a book to read, not merely to catalogue or to keep handy on the kitchen dresser. I pass over also the printed copies of early poems and works, preserved in famous historical manuscripts, and edited in the last century by Dr. Pegge and other scholars, in our day chiefly by Dr. Furnivall and the Early English Text Society. Though I consider them as indispensable as Apicius, and though I own the

Forme of Cury and the Liber Cure Cocorum and the Noble Book of Cookery, and the rest, they are to be classed with Charles Lamb's books that are not books, so difficult are they to all but the expert. Unfortunately, I have none of the sixteenth-century English books, of which Hazlitt gives a list of eight. Perhaps they were issued in very small editions; more probably, they were so popular that, like the early romances from Caxton's and from Wynkyn de Worde's press, they were "thumbed out of existence." After 1600 the supply seems to have been larger, no doubt because of the growing demand, and more copies have survived. Most of the cookery books of the seventeenth century went through several editions; not even Cromwell and the Puritans could check their popularity; and I like to think, when I turn over their thin, soiled, torn pages, that many people read them not solely for information, but for pleasure, like Pepys, that fine summer day when, his wife safe in the country, he carried his ladies to the king's pleasure boat, and then down the river, between the great wharves and the shipping, "all the way reading in a book of Receipts of making fine meats and sweetmeats . . . which made us good sport."

For Pepys, to whom, as Stevenson puts it, the whole world was a Garden of Armida, "infinite delight" lurked as naturally in a recipe as in his first periwig, or the nightingales at Vauxhall, or a lesson in arithmetic, or whatever else it might be. For us, of less buoyant temperament, if there be infinite delight, it is due, above all, to the magic of the past and the charm of association. Stateliness and elegance were the order of the day in the seventeenth century. The men, who arrayed themselves in gorgeous clothes, spoke in the rounded periods that were in keeping, — in the "brocaded language" of Mr. Gosse's expressive phrase. And the cookery books are full of this brocaded language, full of extravagant conceits, full of artificial ornament; a lover writing to his mistress, you would say, rather than a cook or a housewife giving practical directions. After the modern recipe, blunt to the point of brutality; after the "Take so much of this, add so much of that, and boil, roast, fry," as the dull case may be, each fresh extravagance, each fresh affectation, is as enchanting as the crook of Lely's ladies or the Silvio of Herrick's verse. I should not want to try the recipes, so appalling often is the combination of savories

and sweets, so colossal the proportions. But they were written by artists who had as pretty a talent for turning a phrase as for inventing a new dish. Rose leaves and saffron, musk and "amber-greece," orange flower and angelica, are scattered through them, until it seems as if the feast could have been spread only for Phillis or Anthea. And no water can be poured into their pots that is not "fair," few blossoms chosen as ingredients that are not "pleasing." Cakes are "pretty conceits," and are garnished "according to art." If cider leaves its dregs, these are "naughty," and a sweet is recommended because it "comforteth the Stomach and Heart." The names of the dishes are a joy: the tanzies of violets or cowslips, and the orangado phraises; the syllabubs and the frumenties, — "all-tempting Frumenty;" the wiggs and the pasties; the eggs in moonshine; the conserves of red roses; the possets without end, almost as lyrical as the poet's, made

> "With cream of lilies, not of kine,
> And maiden's blush for spicéd wine."

And the drinks: metheglin, — do we not know to the day the date of Pepys' first "brave cup" of it? —

meath, hydromel, hypocras, — a word that carries one to the Guildhall buttery, a certain Lord Mayor's Day, where Pepys is gayly tippling; hypocras "being to the best of my present judgment only a mixed compound drink, and not any wine," which he had forsworn by solemn vow. "If I am mistaken, God forgive me! but I hope and do think I am not." Who would not share Pepys' easy conscience? Hypocras was "only," Dr. Twin's way, a strong compound of spice and herbs and sugar steeped for days in a gallon of good Rhenish wine; in very good claret wine, Giles Rose's way.

All the cookery books of the century are written in this brocaded language, all reveal the same pleasant fancy, all contain the same pretty dishes and strange drinks. But still, they have their differences that divide them into three distinct classes. Many are simply the old family manuscript collection of recipes, at that period common in every household of importance, put into print; to a few the master cook gives the authority of his name and experience; while there are others in which cookery is but one of several arts "exposed" by the accomplished women, to whom curing leprosy was as simple as cooking a dinner, killing rats as ordinary a pastime as

making wax flowers, and who had altogether attained a degree of omniscience that the modern contributor to a ladies' paper might well envy.

The old manuscript collection of recipes has that touch of romance we feel in a bit of half-worn embroidery or a faded sampler. The fragrance of rosemary and thyme lingers about its leaves. It is full of memories of the stillroom and the cool, spacious pantry. I have two or three, bought before I realized into what depths of bankruptcy I should plunge if I added manuscripts to my printed books. I have seen many others. In all, the tone and quality of the paper would make the etcher sigh for the waste, while the handwriting — sometimes prim, sometimes distinguished, sometimes sprawling — represents generations of careful housewives. The collection, evidently, has grown at hap-hazard: the new dish eaten at a neighbor's, jotted down before its secret is forgotten; the new recipe brought by a friend, entered while she is still by to answer for its accuracy. The style is easy and confidential; it abounds in little asides and parentheses; and always credit is given where credit is due! This, you are assured, is "Lady Dorchester's cake" or "Lady Fitzharding's nun's bis-

ket;" these are "Lady Kent's brown Almonds" or "Lady Compton's preserved Barford pipins;" and you must not mistake for any other "Mrs. Oldfield's lemon cream" or "Mrs. Brereton's colours for marble cake." Now and then, as if to lend a professional air, a famous chef is cited, — Bartolomeo Scappi or Robert May, — but this is seldom. And as a housekeeper, in those days, had to know how to relieve an indigestion as well as how to make the dish that caused it; as she was, in a word, the family or village doctor, medical prescriptions are mingled with the recipes. As like as not, a cake or cream is wedged between "Aqua Mirabilis, Sir Kellam Digby's way," and "A most excellent Water for ye Stone;" or an "Arrangement of Cucumbers" separates Dr. Graves's "Receipt for Convulsion Fitts" from "A Plague Water."

In the printed books of the seventeenth century there is an attempt at classification. "Incomparable Secrets in Physick and Chirurgery," if revealed, form a section apart; but in other respects those I have put in the first class share the characteristics of the manuscripts. Their titles at once point to their origin. Almost all are Closets or Cabinets opened. There are exceptions. I have a

THE

COMPLEAT COOK.

Expertly prescribing the most ready wayes,

Whether, { *Italian*, *Spanish*, or *French*.

For dressing of *Flesh*, and *Fish*, Ordering of *Sauces*, or making

OF

PASTRY.

LONDON:
Printed for *Nath. Brook* at the *Angel* in *Corn-hill*, 1655.

fascinating Compleat Cook, a tiny volume, neatly bound in calf, "expertly prescribing the most ready wayes, whether Italian, Spanish, or French, For dressing of Flesh and Fish, Ordering of Sauces, or making of Pastry," which was printed for Nathaniel Brook, the great publisher of cookery books, at the Angel in Cornhill, 1655. I have also two Delights: one "printed by R. Y. and are to bee sold by James Boler 1632," with a sadly defaced title-page, upon which little is legible save the sage advice, "Reade, practise, and Censure;" and another of 1683, "printed for Obadiah Blagrave at the Sign of the black Bear in St. Pauls Churchyard." I have also a Pearl of Practice, and Hartman's True Preserver and Restorer of Health. But Closet or Cabinet is the more frequent title. When the name of the author does not appear, it is usually the Queen's Delight of which there is question, the Queen's Closet or Cabinet which is opened. In my first edition of The Queen's Closet Opened, published by the same publisher, Nathaniel Brook, and in the same year, 1655, as The Compleat Cook, the title-page states that these are the Incomparable Secrets "as they were presented to the Queen by the most Experienced Persons of our times, many whereof were honoured with

her own practice, when she pleased to descend to these most private Recreations;" and that they were "Transcribed from the true Copies of her Majesties own Receipt Books, by W. M. one of her late servants." In my later edition of 1668, a portrait of Henrietta Maria, — most likely a copy from Hollar, — severe in feature and dress, faces the title-page, much to my satisfaction; for, if the book turns up every now and then in booksellers' catalogues, mine is the only copy in which I have yet seen the portrait. When the name of the author does appear, it is usually one of great distinction. There is a "Ladies Cabinet Opened by the Rt Hon. and Learned Chymist, Lord Ruthven, containing Many Rare Secrets and Rich Ornaments of several kindes and different Uses." My copy, published in 1655, by Bedell and Collins, at the Middle Temple Gate, Fleet Street, is, alas, a second edition; 1639 is the year of the first. But the second has the advantage of containing the most gallant of prefaces. "Courteous Ladies," it begins; and it ends, "I shall thus leave you at liberty as Lovers in Gardens, to follow your own fancies. Take what you like, and delight in your choice, and leave what you list to him whose labour is not lost if anything please." Another Closet,

THE

QUEENS CLOSET OPENED.

Incomparable Secrets in *Phyſick, Chirurgery, Preſerving, Candying,* and *Cookery*;

As they were preſented to the

QUEEN

By the moſt Experienced Perſons of our times, many whereof were honoured with her own practice, when ſhe pleaſed to deſcend to theſe more private Recreations.

Never before publiſhed.

Tranſcribed from the true Copies of her MAJESTIES own Receipt-Books, by *W. M.* one of her late ſervants.

Vivit poſt funera virtus.

Printed for *Nathaniel Brook*, at the *Angel* in *Cornhill*, 1655.

"Whereby is Discovered Several ways for making of Metheglin, Cherry-Wine, etc., together with Excellent Directions for Cookery," was opened by no less a person than Sir Kenelm Digby, whose "name does sufficiently auspicate the Work," as his son, who published it, writes in an inimitable preface. As he appears in Vandyck's portrait, Sir Kenelm Digby is so very elegant with his shining armor, so very intellectual with his broad expanse of forehead, that one would as soon expect to hear of Lord Salisbury or Mr. Balfour writing a cookery book. His Closet has no place in Vicaire's Bibliography, nor in Hazlitt's; I have often wondered why; for, of all, it is my favorite. I agree with his delightful son that it "needs no Rhetorical Floscules to set it off," so pleasant is the thought of this "arrant mountebank," as Evelyn called him, — this "romantic giant," as later kinder critics have it, — in the intervals between his duties as chancellor to the queen mother, and his intrigues for the Church, and his adventures as Theagenes, and his studies as astrologer, and his practice as amateur physician, sitting quietly at his desk writing out his recipes, as carefully as any master cook or scrupulous housewife.

Not only are these Closets and Cabinets and Delights as

sweet with rosemary and thyme and musk as the manuscripts; they are as exact in referring every dish to its proper authority, they retain the tone of intimacy, they abound in personal confidences. "My Lady Middlesex makes Syllabubs for little glasses with spouts, thus," you read in one collection; in another, "My Lady Glin useth her Venison Pasties" in such and such a fashion; in a third, that "this is the way the Countess de Penalva makes Portuguez eggs for the Queen." The adjectives have the value of a personal recommendation: "The most kindley way to preserve plums, cherries, and gooseberries;" "A most Excellent Sirup of Violets both in taste and tincture;" "A singular Manner of making the Sirup of Roses;" "another sort of Marmalade very comfortable for any Lord or Lady Whatsoever;" "An excellent conceit upon the kernels of dry Walnuts." The medicines receive equal tenderness: "An exceeding fine Pill used for the Gout;" "a delicate Stove to sweat in;" "The Gift of God, praise be to Him, for all manners of sores;" "A Precious Water to Revive the Spirits." Who would not swallow a dozen such pills and gifts and waters, or sweat a dozen times in such a stove, without a murmur! But it is the confidential manner that I adore.

The compiler of the little vellum-bound Delight is forever taking you into his confidence. He revels in hints and innuendoes: "There is a Country Gentlewoman whom I could name, which" does so and so; or "This of a Kinde Gentlewoman whose skill I doe highly commend and whose case I do greatly pity;" and you divine all sorts of social mysteries. He has sudden outbursts of generosity: "I have robbed my wives Dairy of this secret, who hath hitherto refused all recompenses that have been offered her by gentlewomen for the same, and had I loved a Cheese myself so well as I like the receipt, I think I could not so easily have imparted the same at this time. And yet, I must needs confesse, that for the better gracing of the Title, wherewith I have fronted this pamphlet, I have been willing to publish this with some other secrets of worth, for the which I have been many times refused good store both of crowns and angels. And therefore let no Gentlewoman think this Booke too deare, at what price soever it shall be valued upon the sale thereof, neither can I esteem the worke to be of lesse than twenty years gatherings." And people think the art of self-advertisement was evolved but yesterday! Sir Kenelm Digby is the great master of this confidential style.

If he gives my Lady Hungerford's meath, he must explain that she sent him special word that "She now useth (and liketh better) a second Decoction of Herbs," which he also conscientiously records. If he recommends a second meath, it is because a certain chief burgomaster of Antwerp, for many years, drank it, and nothing else, "at meals and all times, even for pledging of Healths. And though he was of an extraordinary vigour every way, and had every year a child, had always a great appetite and good digestion, and yet was not fat." He is at pains to assure you that though Mr. Webbe, probably a master cook, did use to put in a few cloves and mace in the king's meath, "the King did not care for them;" that the "Hydromel, as I made it weak for the Queen Mother was exceedingly liked by everybody;" that Sir Edward Bainton's metheglin, "My Lord of Portland (who gave it me) saith was the best he ever drank;" that for his strange dish of tea and eggs, Mr. Waller's advice is that "the water is to remain upon the tea no longer than while you can say the Miserere Psalm very leisurely." I sometimes think, if I were in need of bedside books, — which I am thankful to say I am not, — I should give my choice, not to Montaigne and Howell with Thackeray, but to Sir Ken-

elm Digby and the other openers of the old Closets and Cabinets.[1]

The success of these books may have helped to drive the English cook into authorship. The artist has not always the patience to be silent while the amateur dogmatizes upon his art. There is a suggestion of revolt in the preface Robert May, the "Accomplisht Cook," addressed to his fellow practitioners. "I acknowledge," he says, "that there hath already been several Books publisht . . . for aught I could perceive to little purpose, *empty and unprofitable Treatises*, of as little use as some *Niggards Kitchen*, which the Reader, in respect of the confusion of the Method, or barrenness of those Authours Experience, hath rather been puzzled, than profited by." Mock humility has never been the characteristic of the cook. He has always respected himself as the pivot of civilization. Other men, at times, have shared this respect with him. The Greeks crowned him with gold and

[1] I am not sure that I would not add Gervase Markham's English Housewife (1631) and Dr. Muffett's Healths Improvement (1655). Markham is, perhaps, the prettiest and most graceful of all these writers. But both books have come into my collection only recently, since this chapter was written.

flowers. He went clothed in velvet, wearing a gold chain, in Wolsey's day. And in between, during the Roman rule, during ages of dark and mediæval barbarity, the ceremonial of dinner and its serving testified that the light of truth still glimmered, if dimly. But none ever understood so well as he the full dignity of his profession. "A modest Master Cook must be looked on as a contradiction in Nature," was a doctrine in the classical kitchen. By the middle of the seventeenth century Vatel ruled in France, and in England every distinguished chef was ready to swear, with Ben Jonson's Master-Cook in the Masque, that

> "A boiler, range, and dresser were the fountains
> Of all the knowledge in the universe;"

that the school of cookery, that "deep School," is

> "Both the nurse and mother of the Arts."

Imagine his dismay, then, when the amateur began to masquerade before the world as artist. Had Sir Kenelm Digby ever turned out as much as a posset or a syllabub, could Lord Ruthven, the learned, make a peacock to look like a porcupine, or an entremose of a swan, that either should strut his little day as an authority? Only the artist has the right to speak on his art. And as Leo-

nardo had written his treatises, as Reynolds was later to deliver his discourses, so Robert May, Will Rabisha, Giles Rose, and others, perhaps, whom I have not in my collection, began to publish books upon cookery. Jealousy of the Frenchman may have been an additional incentive. France had already the reputation for delicate dining which she has never lost, and the noble lord or lady who patronized the young apprentice sent him for his training across the Channel. May and Rabisha had both served their term in French households. But it was another matter when the French chef's book was translated into English, and threatened to rob the English cook of his glory at home. May's preface is full of sneers at the "Epigram Dishes" with which the French "have bewitched some of the *Gallants of our Nation.*"

Whatever the cook's motive in writing, he gave his book a character all its own. The actual dishes and drinks may be those of Closets and Cabinets, but the tone of intimacy disappears from the recipe; no name but the author's vouches for the merits of a dish; the writer is no longer on a level of equality with his readers, but addresses them from a higher plane, the plane of knowledge. There is no mistaking the air of authority. Offi-

cers of the Mouth receive their instructions, and irresistible little cuts of birds of strange shape, and joints of no shape at all, devices for pies and pastry, are introduced as a guide to the Carver and Sewer. Nothing is neglected, from the building up of those magnificent — the adjective is May's — triumphs and trophies, those subtleties, as elaborate as Inigo Jones's setting of a masque, that were "the delights of the Nobility," to the folding of "all sorts of Table-linen in all sorts of Figures, a neat and gentill Art," much in vogue. And throughout, the writer never forgets his own importance. He is as serious as Montaigne's Italian chef, who talked of cooking with the gravity of the theologian and in the language of the statesman. His style is as fantastic as that of the cook in Howell's letter to Lady Cottington. He "will tell your Ladyship," Howell writes, "that the reverend Matron, the *Olla podrida* hath Intellectuals and Senses; Mutton, Beef, and Bacon are to her as the Will, Understanding, and Memory are to the Soul; Cabbages, Turnips, Artichokes, Potatoes, and Dates are her five Senses, and Pepper the Common-sense; she must have Marrow to keep Life in her, and some Birds to make her light; by all means she must go adorned with Chains of Sausages."

The very title of the cook's treatise was a marvel of bombast. Robert May's — the book was first published in 1660, by Nathaniel Brook — must be given in full: "The Accomplisht Cook, or the Art and Mystery of Cookery. Wherein the whole Art is revealed in a more easie and perfect Method, than hath been publisht in any Language. Expert and ready wayes for the Dressing of all sorts of Flesh, Fowl and Fish: The Raising of *Pastes;* the best Directions for all manner of *Kickshaws,* and the most *Poinant Sauces;* with the Tearms of Carving and Sewing. An exact Account of all *Dishes* for the *Season;* with other A la mode *Curiosities.* Together with the lively Illustrations of such necessary Figures as are referred to *Practice.* Approved by the Fifty Years Experience and Industry of Robert May, in his Attendance on several Persons of Honour." Let me quote just one other, for though it is as long, it is also as irresistible. The book is Will Rabisha's; the date, 1673; the publisher, E. Calvert at the sign of the Black Spread Eagle at the West End of St. Paul's; and the title: "The whole Body of Cookery Dissected, Taught, and fully manifested, Methodically, Artificially, and according to the best Tradition of the *English, French, Italian, Dutch*

etc. Or, a Sympathy of all varieties in Natural Compounds in that Mysterie. Wherein is contained certain Bills of Fare for the Seasons of the year, for Feasts and Common Diets. Wherunto is annexed a Second Part of Rare Receipts of Cookery: with certain useful Traditions. With a book of Preserving, Conserving and Candying, after the most Exquisite and Newest manner: Delectable for Ladies and Gentlewomen." A title, this, that recalls Dorothy Osborne's coxcombs who "labour to find out terms that may obscure a plain sense."

The note may be pitched high, but not too high for the grandiloquent flights that follow. Dedications, prefaces, introductory poems, are in harmony, and as ornate with capitals and italics as the dishes are with spices and sweets. The Accomplisht Cook is further "embellished" with May's portrait: a large, portly person, with heavy face, but determined mouth, wearing his own hair, though I hope he lived long enough to take, like Pepys, to a periwig, so well would it have become him. Below the portrait, verses, engraved on the plate, declare with poetic confusion that,

> "Would'st thou view but in one face,
> All hospitalitie, the race

What wouldst thou view but in one face
all hospitalitie the race
of those that for the Gusto stand,
whose tables a whole Ark comand
of Natures plentie wouldst thou see
this sight, peruse Mains booke, 'tis hee.

Of those that for the Gusto stand,
Whose tables a whole Ark comand
Of Nature's plentie, would'st thou see
This sight, peruse May's booke, 't is hee."

A few pages further on there is another panegyric in verse, "on the unparallel'd Piece of Mr. May, his Cookery," and an appeal "to the Reader of (my very loving Friend) Mr. Robert May, his incomparable Book of Cookery," by an admirer who thinks only the pen

"Of famous Cleaveland or renowned Ben,
If unintoom'd might give this Book its due."

Will Rabisha has but one poet to sing his praise; he, however, does it thoroughly: —

"Brave Book, into the world begone,
Thou vindicatest thy Authour fearing none,
That ever was, or is, or e're shall be
Able to find the parallel of thee."

The dedications are obsequious for such great men, but obsequiousness in dedications was the fashion of the day. May's book is dedicated not alone to Sir Kenelm Digby, but to Lord Lumley, Lord Lovelace, Sir William Paston, Sir Frederick Cornwallis, all of whom, with the exception

of Lord Lovelace, contributed to Sir Kenelm Digby's collection of recipes. "The Mæcenas's and Patrons of this Generous Art," May calls them, in a rhetorical outburst. Rabisha, on the other hand, pays his tribute to two "illustrious duchesses," and three "renowned, singular good, and vertuous Ladies," to whose "boundless unspeakable virtues" he would do the honor that in him lies. May was the "most humbly devoted servant to their Lordships," and Rabisha the "poor, unworthy servant till death" of their graces and ladyships. But this was mere posing. The real man in May comes out when he addresses as "Most Worthy Artists" the master cooks and young practitioners to whom he hopes his book will be useful; when he explains that he writes because "God and my own Conscience would not permit *me to bury these my Experiences with my Silver Hairs in the Grave.*" No one shall say of him that he "hid his Candle under a Bushel." It is the real Rabisha who dwells upon the "Many years study and practice in the Art and Mysterie of Cookery" that are his qualifications as author, and the duty of "the ingenious men of all Arts and Sciences to hold forth to Posterity what light or knowledge" they understand to be obscure in their art.

The same spirit betrays itself here and there in the recipes. "The fruits and flowers that you make white must be kept in a dry place," writes Giles Rose, or his translator, "if you will keep them for your credit and honour." For your credit and honor! There spoke the artist. Or again, for the whipping of cream, your whisk "ought to be made of the fine small twigs of Birch, or such like wood neatly peeled, and tied up in quantity a little bigger than your thumb, and the small ends must be cut off a little, for fear of breaking in your cream, and so you come to be made ashamed." That is the kind of thing, as Stevenson says, that reconciles one to life! The flamboyant recipes, the monumental menus, are amusing; but what I love best in my cookery books is the "vanity of the artist" that is their inspiration.

It was the vanity of the superior woman that inspired Mrs. Hannah Woolley, now forgotten by an ungrateful world. In 1670 she published The Queen-Like Closet or Rich Cabinet, with a Supplement added in 1674, that eclipsed all the Treasuries and Guides and Practices for Ladies that had already appeared, as it excels those that, later on, were to take it as model. It is the only seventeenth-century book of the kind in my collection;

but were the others on the shelf with it, I should still turn to Mrs. Woolley as the perfect type of the Universal Provider of her age and generation. She was simply amazing, as no one knew better than herself. Like Robert May, she did not believe in hiding her candle under a bushel; but where May wrote for the greater honor of his art, she wrote for the greater honor of herself. Even had she pined for the peace of obscurity, — which she did not, — her remarkable talents had made her conspicuous since childhood. Before she was fifteen she had been the mistress of a little school, — she tells the tale herself, — where she continued till the age of seventeen, "when my extraordinary parts appeared more splendid in the eyes of a noble lady in this Kingdom than really they deserved, and she greedily entertained me in her house as Governess of her only Daughter." Then, at the death of the first lady, this prodigy was as greedily appropriated by a second, and presently "gained so great an esteem among the Nobility and Gentry of two Counties, that I was necessitated to yield to the importunity of one I dearly lov'd, that I might free myself from the tedious caresses of many more." As, before she had done with life, she had been married to "two

Worthy Eminent and brave Persons," it is uncertain whether the first or the second "dearly loved" was Mr. Richard Woolley, "Master of Arts and Reader at St. Martin, Ludgate." The one thing certain is that it was from his house, in the Old Bailey in Golden Cup Court, she addressed the female sex, to whom her books — she wrote three in all — were to be a guide "in all *Relations*, *Companies*, *Conditions*, and *States* of *Life*, even from *Childhood* down to *Old Age;* and from the Lady at the *Court* to the Cook-maid in the *Country*." There is a portrait of her in one of the books: a large, pompous woman, with heavy bunches of curls on either side her face, in a low velvet gown and pearls, who looks fit to tackle anything. And indeed, it must be said of her that she never shrank from duty. She even stooped to poetry, since it was the fashion to introduce it in the beginning of all such books, and her rhymes are surprisingly frivolous and jingling for so severe a lady. "I shall now give you," is her introduction to the Supplement, which she rightly calls A Little of Every Thing, — "I shall now give you some Directions for Washing Black and White Sarsnet, or Coloured *Silks;* Washing of *Points*, *Laces*, or the like; starching of Tiffanies, making clean *Plate*,

cleaning of *Gold* and *Silver Lace*, washing *Silk Stockings*, adorning of Closets with several pretty *Fancies;* things excellent to keep the *Hands* White and *Face* and *Eyes* clear; how to make *Transparent Work*, and the *Colours* thereto belonging; also Puff Work; some more Receipts for *Preserving* and cookery; some Remedies for such Ailments as are incident to all People; as *Corns*, *Sore Eyes*, *Cut Fingers*, *Bruises*, *Bleeding at Nose;* all these you may help by my directions, with a small matter of cost; whereas else you may be at a great charge and long Trouble, and perhaps endanger your *Eyes* or *Limbs*. I shall give you none but such things as I have had many years experience of with good success, I praise God."

Nor does this exhaust her resources. She offers, for "a reasonable Gratuity," to find good places for servants who will call upon her at Golden Cup Court. She is as full of stories of the astounding cures she has wrought as the manufacturer of a patent pill. She writes letters to serve as models, so many does she meet with that she could tear as she reads, "they are so full of impertinency and so tedious." She has advice for parents and children which "may prevent much wickedness for the future."

She teaches waxwork. On one page she is dressing the hearth for summer time ; on the next playing the art master, for she has seen "such ridiculous things done as is an abomination to an Artist to behold." As for example : "You may find in some Pieces, *Abraham* and *Sarah*, and many other Persons of Old Time, cloathed as they go now adaies, and truly sometimes worse." And that the female sex — and, as we know from the examples of Mrs. Pepys and Pegg Penn, the female sex was then busy painting — may not fall into similar error, she informs them of both the visage and habit of the heroes they, in their modesty, will be most apt to paint. Thus, "If you work Jupiter, the Imperial feigned God, He must have long Black-Curled hair, a Purple Garment trimmed with Gold, and sitting upon a Golden Throne, with bright yellow Clouds about him ;" or, if it be Hymen, the God of Marriage, you must work him "with long Yellow Hair in a Purple or Saffron-Coloured Mantle." There was nothing this ornament to her sex was afraid to teach.

To judge from the condition of my copy of The Queen-Like Closet, she was not unappreciated. The title-page has gone ; the dog's-ears and stains and tatters might make one weep, were they not such an admirable testi-

monial. In 1678 it was presented to Mary Halfpenny by "Brother John Halfpenny when he was at Trinity College," and the fly-leaves are covered with her own recipes for syllabubs and gooseberry wine, for orange pudding and "plane" cake; and there is on one page a valuable note from her, to the effect that the time of mushrooms is about the middle of September. Later, at some unknown date, the book became the property of Anna Warden; and about the middle of the next century it answered the purpose of family Bible to the Keeling family, so that I know to the hour when Thomas and Rebecca, children of James and Rebecca, were born, — destined to grow up and prosper, I hope, under the large and benevolent guidance of Hannah Woolley. I have never had the luck of the French collector who picked up Rousseau's copy of the Imitation of Christ, with the famous periwinkle from Les Charmettes pressed between the pages. But I prize even these modest names and notes on a fly-leaf or a margin; for me, they add a distinctly personal charm to the shabby little old cookery book.

Personal charm enough it has in itself, you might say, when it belongs to the seventeenth century. The eigh-

teenth-century books are not without fascination and character, but they have lost something of the freshness, the *naïveté*, the exuberance, of youth; the style is more sophisticated; the personality of the author is kept more in the background. May and Rabisha, Giles Rose and Hannah Woolley, are so entertaining in their self-revelations, they tell us so much of their age, besides the manner of its cookery, that the wonder is they should be cheerfully ignored, now that Howell and Evelyn and Pepys are household names.

II

NEXT to eating good dinners, a healthy man with a benevolent turn of mind must like, I think, to read about them." The words are Thackeray's, and they encourage me, if I need encouragement, in my belief that to go on writing about my Cookery Books is a duty I owe not only to myself, but to the world.

If I have owned to a sneaking preference for the little calf and vellum covered duodecimos of the seventeenth century, courteous and gallant as the Stuart days to which they belong, I should lose no time in adding that it is to the eighteenth century I am indebted for the great treasure of my collection, — Mrs. Glasse in the famous "pot folio" of the first edition. The copy belonged, as I have explained, to George Augustus Sala, and came up for sale when his library was disposed of at Sotheby's in the July of 1896. This library was a disappointment to most people, — to none more than to me. I had heard much of Sala's cookery books, but small as my collection then was I found only three that I had not already. Bartolomeo Scappi's Cuoco Secreto, in fine binding, but

not in the first edition (which I secured a year or two after); The Delmonico Cook Book, and excellent it is; and Mrs. Glasse, — The Art of Cookery, Made Plain and Easy; Which far exceeds any Thing of the Kind ever yet Published, to give her book its full title. In the preliminary paragraphs that went the round of the press, Mrs. Glasse alone received the honor of special mention; in that dingy little salesroom in Wellington Street, where, however high passions — and prices — may run, the group at the table seem to have come together for nothing more exciting than a sociable nap, Mrs. Glasse again held the place of honor in a glass case apart. Everything pointed to a struggle. It would take a braver woman than I to face the "knock-outs" and "rings" before which the private buyer is said to be as a lamb led to the slaughter. When the day of the sale came, like royalty at important functions, I was "represented" at Sotheby's, and myself stayed at home with my emotions. The sequel is known. Is not the book on my shelves? It came that same evening, the two others with it. "I am pleased," wrote my representative, "to be able to send you the three books, and all below your

limit, and hope you will be satisfied." Satisfied? Was there ever a woman yet to whom a bargain was not half the joy of possession?

Sala, it was currently reported, valued the book at five hundred dollars; I paid but fifty. It was not because he overestimated its rarity. The first edition is almost as rare as he thought. On the fly-leaf of his copy he wrote, July, 1876, that only three others were known to be in existence: one at the British Museum, a second at the Bodleian, and a third in the library of a country clergyman. Since then only two others, to my knowledge, have materialized. But Sala was a vandal; his copy was evidently in a shocking state when he found it, in a barrow in a South London slum according to the legend, and he had the battered and torn pages mended, and the book bound in substantial and expensive, if inappropriate binding. So far, so good. Still he also had it interleaved. He seems to have believed that his own trivial newspaper correspondence on the subject, carefully pasted in, would increase its value. How often have I looked at the book and decided, at whatever cost, to get rid of the interleaving and the newspaper clippings, an insult alike to Mrs. Glasse and myself! How often

have I decided that to reduce it to its original slimness would be to destroy its pedigree ; not a very distinguished pedigree, but still the copy was known in the auction room as Sala's, and, therefore, as Sala's must it not remain ? Whoever can settle this problem for me will lift a burden of responsibility from shoulders not strong enough to bear it.

Now I have the first edition, I do not mind admitting that no other treatise on cookery owes its reputation so little to merit, so much to chance. It was popular in its own day, I grant you. The Biographical Dictionary says that, except the Bible, it had the greatest sale in the language. It went into edition after edition. There are ten in the British Museum. I own six myself, though I vowed that the first sufficed for my wants. The book was republished in Edinburgh. It was revived as late as 1852, perhaps later still, for all I as yet know. But almost all the eighteenth-century books shared its popularity, — only the Biographical Dictionary has not happened to hear of them. I have The Compleat Housewife, by E. Smith, in the eighteenth edition ; I have Elizabeth Moxon's English Housewife, in the thirteenth ; I have John Farley's London Art of Cookery,

in the eleventh, and I might go on through a list of titles and authors long forgotten by every one but me. All are as amusing now as the Art of Cookery, and were probably very useful in their day. The receipts are much the same ; indeed, the diligence with which the authorities upon cookery in the eighteenth century borrowed one from the other, without a word of acknowledgment, ought to have kept the law courts busy. Nor does the manner vary more than the matter. Of most of the books the authors could say as truthfully as Mrs. Glasse of hers, that they were " not wrote in the high polite stile." Not even her sex gives Mrs. Glasse distinction in an age when authorship or public practice of any sort was indelicate in a female. Mary Eale, E. Smith, Elizabeth Raffald, — a charming person in a mob cap, if you can trust her portrait, —Charlotte Mason, Elizabeth Cleland, Martha Bradley, were a few of her many rivals. And where are they now ?

" Where 's Hipparchia, and where is Thais ? "

If Mrs. Glasse alone survives, it is for one reason only, and that the most unreasonable. Her fame is due not to her genius, for she really had none, but to the fact that her own generation believed there was " no sich a person,"

and after generations believed in her as the author of a phrase she never wrote. And, indeed, no one would remember even the doubt at the time thrown upon her identity, but for Boswell. I know Cumberland also is an authority for the report that Dr. Hill wrote the book. Hill, he says, was "a needy author who could not make a dinner out of the press till, by a happy transformation into Hannah Glasse, he turned himself into a cook and sold receipts for made dishes to all the savoury readers in the kingdom. Then, indeed, the press acknowledged him second in fame only to John Bunyan; his feasts kept pace in sale with Nelson's Fasts, and when his own name was fairly written out of credit, he wrote himself into immortality under an *alias*." But nobody nowadays reads Cumberland's Memoirs, and everybody reads Boswell,— or pretends to. The subject came up at Mr. Dilly's dinner-table. "Mrs. Glasse's Cookery, which is the best, was written by Dr. Hill. Half the trade knows this," said Mr. Dilly, who, being in the trade himself, ought to have been an authority. But Dr. Johnson was of another opinion: "Women can spin very well, but they cannot make a good book of cookery." Mrs. Glasse's is not a good book, mistakes occurring in it;

therefore, Dr. Hill, a man, could not have written it. I agree with Dr. Johnson's conclusions, but on far simpler grounds. The impersonation of Mrs. Glasse would, in the end, have become too elaborate a joke to carry through, had Dr. Hill been as ingenious and as wanting in veracity as in Dr. Johnson's description of him to George III. The first edition of the Art of Cookery — the folio, sold at Mrs. Ashburn's China Shop, corner of Fleet Ditch, and at Mrs. Wharton's, at the Blue Coat Boy, near the Royal Exchange — was published anonymously in 1747. "By a Lady" is printed on the title-page. Only later editions, the octavo, sold by innumerable booksellers, Dr. Johnson's friend Mr. Millar among them, appear with the name H. Glasse on the title-page and above the first chapter. To invent the name would have been no great tax on the imagination. But, by the fourth edition, Dr. Hill would have had to invent a trade as well. For in this edition, and in this one only, an impressive engraved frontispiece describes Hannah Glasse — and if the description is long, it is too inimitable not to be quoted in full — as "Habit-Maker, to Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales, in Tavistock Street Covent Garden. Makes & Sells all Sorts of Riding

Hannah Glasse

Habit-Maker,

TO

Her Royal Highneſs the Princeſs of Wales,

in Taviſtock Street Covent Garden.

Makes & ſells all ſorts of Riding Habits, Josephs, Great Coats, Horſemans Coats, Ruſſia Coats, Huſſar Coats, Bedgowns, Night-Gowns, and Robe de Chambers, Widow Hoods, Sultains, Sultans, and Cantouches,

after the neateſt manner.

Likewiſe Parliament Robes, Counſellors Robes, Italian Robes, Coſtumes, Capuchins, Newmarket Cloaks, Long-Cloaks, Short Quilted Coats, Hoop Petticoats, Under Coats,

All Sorts of Fringes & Laces as Cheap as from the Makers

Beaver Hats, Short Coats and Caps of all Sorts & Plain, Jettins, Demetts and Persians.

All ſorts of Chabbed Linning, Cruella Baskets & Rabes &c Alſo Muffs, Cambletts, Calimancoes & Worſted Damaſks, Norwich Crapes & Bumbaſins, Scarlet Cloaths, Duffels & Strip'd Blankets, New Market Hunting Caps, &c.

Likewiſe all Sorts of Maſquerade Dreſſes.

Habits, Josephs, Great Coats, Horsemens Coats, Russia Coats, Hussar Coats, Bedgowns, Night-Gowns, and Robe de shambers, Widows Weeds, Sultains, Sultans, and Cantouches, after the neatest manner. Likewise Parliament, Judges, & Councellers Robes, Italian Robes, Cossockeens, Capuchins, Newmarket Cloaks, Long-Cloaks, Short Do. Quilted Coats, Hoop Petticoats, Under Coats, All Sorts of Fringes & Laces as Cheap as from the Makers Bonnetts, Hatts, Short Hoods and Caps of all Sorts Plain Sattins, Sasnetts and Persians. All Sorts of Childbed Linning, Cradles, Baskets & Robes &c Also Stuffs, Camblets, Calimancoes & Worsted Damasks, Norwich Crapes & Bumbasins, Scarlet Cloaths, Duffels & Frizes, Dimitys, New Market Hunting Caps, &c. Likewise all Sorts of Masquerade Dresses."

More than this, Dr. Hill, thus established on copper plate, would have had promptly to invent his failure. In 1754, three years later, Hannah Glasse figured among the bankrupts of the year; "Hannah Glasse of St.Paul's, Covent Garden, Warehousekeeper," is the entry. He would also have had to claim two other books: The Servant's Directory, published in 1760, almost fifteen years after the Art of Cookery, a book I have never been able to

find,[1] and The Compleat Confectioner, published in I cannot say what year, for my copy, a first edition, has no date, and the book is known neither to Hazlitt nor Vicaire. And as a last touch, he must have had the brilliant idea of opening a cookery school in Edinburgh, if I can trust "M. D.," who wrote a note on the fly-leaf of my copy of The Compleat Confectioner to protest against the revival, in the Times, of the old scandal. This was in 1866, when some one rashly called Mrs. Glasse "Mrs. Harris." Mrs. Glasse, M. D. says, "lived in the flesh in Edinburgh about 1790. She taught cookery to classes of young ladies. My mother was a pupil and fondly showed in her old age to her children a copy of Glasse's Cookery, with the autograph of the authoress, gained as a prize in the School of Cookery." "M. D." at once spoils her case by adding, "This book did contain 'Catch

[1] Just as I am re-reading this before trusting it to the post, a package is handed to me. I open it. The Servant's Directory, or Housekeeper's Companion, by H. Glasse. The book I have been searching for during long years! The miracle I owe, I am proud to say, to Mr. Janvier, whose intimacy with Mr. Hutchinson, Port of Philadelphia, has made him sympathize with me in my study of the Science of the Gullet.

your Hare.'" Not before seeing it could I believe. I have spent hours in pursuit of the famous phrase, or, at least, the reason of the misquotation, in the hope that success might, forever after, link my name with that of Hannah Glasse. But I can come no nearer to the clue than the "First Case your hare," found in every cookery book of the period, that Mr. Churton Collins has just been offering as an explanation, and so depriving me of the chance of being the first with even this obvious discovery.

Well, anyway, believe in Mrs. Glasse, or not, the cookery book that bears her name is the only one published in the eighteenth century now remembered by the whole world. And yet, it is in eighteenth-century books my collection is richest. They are mostly substantial octavos, calf bound, much the worse for wear, often "embellished" with an elegant frontispiece, a portrait of the author, or picture of the kitchen, and, I regret to say, seldom very beautiful examples of the printer's art. Several have been given to me by friends who know my weakness. For instance, few books in my entire library do I prize more than the Collection Of above Three Hundred Receipts in Cookery, Physick and Surgery; For the Use of

all Good Wives, Tender Mothers, and Careful Nurses, not so much because it is curious and tolerably rare, as because of the little legend, "Hommage to Autolycus,[1] Austin Dobson," on the fly-leaf. The greater number I have bought at different times, but it is to be noted that never, like Sala, have I picked one up from a costermonger's barrow, though, for a while, I made weekly pilgrimages to Whitechapel in their pursuit. Usually they have come through the second-hand booksellers. A few sympathizers, Dr. Furnivall chief among them, never fail to let me know of a chance for a bargain. Once I was offered some odd twenty, all in one lot, before they were advertised, and I hardly receive a catalogue that does not contain two or three in its list. Nor are they often costly. For the price of one Mrs. Glasse in the first edition, you can have a whole series of her contemporaries. And so this section of my collection has grown, until I have over seventy books published in England alone during the eighteenth century.

If I were asked to point out any one characteristic they

[1] Perhaps I should explain that my articles on cookery appeared in the Pall Mall, under the title of Wares of Autolycus, and it was while I was writing them that Mr. Dobson gave me the book.

all share in common, I would say it was the business-like seriousness of their authors. The amateur had been silenced forever by artists like Robert May and Will Rabisha. By the beginning of the eighteenth century, almost all the new cookery books were being written by cooks. And the new authors were in haste, on the very title-page, to present their credentials. Henry Howard (England's Newest Way in all Sorts of Cookery, 1703, — my edition, alas, is 1708) and T. Hall (The Queen's Royal Cookery, 1713) were Free Cooks of London. Patrick Lamb (The Complete Court-Cook, 1710) was "near fifty years Master Cook to their late Majesties King Charles II, King James II, King William, Queen Mary, and to her Present Majesty, Queen Anne," and in the Ordinances and Regulations for the Government of the Royal Household, you can learn to a halfpenny how much he earned in a year. Charles Carter (The Compleat City and Country Cook, 1732), whose boast it was that he came of "a long race of predecessors," presided over the kitchens of the Duke of Argyle, the Earl of Pontefract, and Lord Cornwallis. John Nott (The Cooks and Confectioners Dictionary, 1727), Vincent La Chapelle (The Modern Cook, 1751, but then mine is a fourth

edition), William Verral (A Complete System of Cookery, 1759), — all I could name have as irreproachable references. A few were not cooks in service, but teachers: Edward Kidder, Pastry-Master, for one, who ran two schools: in Queen Street, near St. Thomas Apostle's, where he held his classes on Mondays, Tuesdays, and Wednesdays, and at Furnival's Inn in Holborn, where he presided on Thursdays, Fridays, and Saturdays; he also was willing, kind soul, to teach ladies in their own houses. I respect Kidder as a man of originality, for his Receipts of Pastry and Cookery is unlike any book of the same period. From the frontispiece, where he appears in ample wig, with one hand uplifted as if in exhortation to his class, to the amazing plans for setting and decorating a dinner-table, it is neatly engraved and printed on one side of the page only, the receipts written out in the most beautiful copper-plate writing. He was original in his spelling, too : "Sauceages," I consider a gem even in the eighteenth century; and he was surely a forerunner of the modern cockney, when he wrote, "To roast an Hare."

The ladies were as eager to vouch for their qualifications.

Mrs. Mary Eale, whose Receipts were first published in 1708, was Confectioner to Queen Anne; Mrs. Charlotte Mason was a Housekeeper who had had "upwards of Thirty Years' Experience in Families of the first Fashion;" Mrs. Elizabeth Raffald held the same position to the Hon. Lady Elizabeth Warburton, and Mrs. Sarah Martin, to Freeman Bower, Esq., of Bawtry, — I have his copy of her book, with receipts in his own handwriting on pages inserted for the purpose, with a note testifying to their origin by his great-nephew, Canon Jackson! Others proudly proclaimed their town or county, as if their reputation made further detail superfluous: Mrs. Mary Wilson of Hertfordshire, Mrs. Sarah Harrison of Devonshire, Mrs. Susannah Carter of Clerkenwell, Mrs. Ann Shackleford of Winchester. And then there were the rivals of Edward Kidder: Mrs. Frazer, Mrs. Cleland, and Mrs. Maciver taught the Arts of Cookery, Pastry, and Confectionery in Edinburgh, where, if M. D. is to be believed, Hannah Glasse joined them after her adventures in the Bankruptcy Court. But whatever their qualifications, they are to be counted by the dozen, so that I can but wonder why it seemed so astonishing a

thing for Hannah More, Mary Wollstonecraft, and the other Blue Stockings of the eighteenth century to rush into print.

The seriousness with which these cooks and housekeepers and professors took themselves was reflected in their style. An occasional seventeenth-century book, reappearing in an eighteenth-century edition, may have continued to enjoy something of popularity; an occasional new book at the very beginning of the period may have retained something of the old picturesqueness. The Collection Of above Three Hundred Receipts fills its pages with Tansies and Possets, Syllabubs and Flummeries, still recommends a dish as "the best that ever was tasted," and still advises you "to put in a little shalot, if you love it;" The Queen's Royal Cookery is as flamboyant with decorative adjectives as any queen's closet. But as time went on, the pleasant old familiarity went out of fashion, and ornament was chastened. The literary tendency of the age was toward more formal dignity, a greater regularity of form. In accordance with the mode, receipts were written with a businesslike decision, a professional directness that allowed no flowers of speech. Many cooks seem to have forestalled or copied

Dr. Johnson in the effort to say a thing as pompously as it could be said; disdain of ornament led many to a matter-of-fact bluntness that is appalling. "Stick your Pig just above the breast-bone," says Mrs. Elizabeth Raffald without any preamble, "run your knife to the heart, when it is dead, put it in cold water." Whoever, after that, would eat of her pig has more courage than I.

Some sort of order was also introduced into the arrangement of receipts, in the place of the haphazard disorder of the old MS. books. The change was due, in a large measure, to French influence. In France, the art of cookery had reached a much higher stage of perfection than in England. The English might rebel against the fact, and they did in good earnest. It was not only the Squire of Clod-Hall who

> "Classed your Kickshaws and Ragoos
> With Popery and Wooden Shoes."

Steele deplored the fashion that banished the "noble Sirloin" ignominiously "to make way for French Kickshaws," and he held a French ragout to be "as pernicious to the Stomach as a glass of spirits." "What work would our countrymen have made at Blenheim and Ramillies, if they had been fed with fricassees and ra-

gouts ? " he asks. It was the " parcel of Kickshaws contrived by a French cook " that gave the finishing touch to Matthew Bramble's displeasure with the wife of his friend Baynard. " Their meals are gross," was one of Dr. Johnson's first entries in the Diary of his little Tour in France, proving forever that he was not the " man of very nice discernment in the science of cookery " that Boswell thought him. And, at home, was it not of a certain nobleman's French cook he was heard to say with vehemence, "I'd throw such a rascal into the river " ? The English cooks were as outspoken. Mrs. Glasse's Preface is a protest against " the blind Folly of this age that they would rather be imposed on by a French Booby than give encouragement to a good *English* Cook . . . if Gentlemen will have *French* cooks, they must pay for French tricks." E. Smith regretted that in her book she had to include a few French dishes, " since we have, to our disgrace, so fondly admired the French tongue, French modes, and also French messes." Charles Carter lamented that " some of our Nobility and gentry have been too much attached to French Customs and French Cookery," — too willing " to dress even more delicious Fare after the Humour of the (perhaps

vitiated) palates of some great Personages or noted Epicures of France." It was the one point upon which all, with a few exceptions, were agreed.

But protests were of small avail. Already, in his Directions to Servants, Swift had found it a long time since the custom began among the people of quality to keep *men* cooks and generally of the French nation. Patriotism, I fear, does not begin in the stomach. French cooks presided in most of the big houses ; French cooks were patronized by royalty ; French cooks wrote cookery books. The French Family Cook (1793) was but a belated translation of the famous Cuisinière Bourgeoise (1746). La Chapelle, who published a treatise, was a Frenchman. So was Clermont. Verral studied under a Frenchman. And from French sources the most patriotic were not ashamed to steal. Mrs. Smith, however she might object to French messes, must still admit the necessity to temporize, justifying herself by including only " such receipts of French cookery as I think may not be disagreeable to English palates." Mrs. Glasse, however she might scorn the French Booby, must still give some of her dishes " French names to distinguish them, because they are known by those names," and it

matters not if they be called French so they are good. The question reduced itself simply to one of demand and supply. But if the "French Kickshaws" had been so bad for the public as patriots preached, the study of French books was altogether good for the preachers. Under the sweet civilizing influence of France the barbarous medley of the English cookery book disappeared. A roast did not turn up unexpectedly between a sweet and a savory, or a fish in the midst of the soups, or an omelet lost among the vegetables. Each dish was duly labeled and entered in its appropriate chapter. Chemical, Physical, and Chirurgical Secrets were banished to separate volumes with a few curious exceptions. "I shall not take upon me to meddle in the physical way farther than two receipts," writes Mrs. Glasse. "One is for the bite of a mad dog, and the other if a man should be near where the Plague is, he shall be in no danger." And these receipts are so often repeated in rival cookery books that I can only suppose there were many who believed in earnest what Lord Chesterfield said in jest when, six years after Mrs. Glasse's book was published, he wrote to his son that his friend Kreuningen "admits nobody now to his table, for fear of their

communicating the plague to him, or at least the bite of a mad dog." But it was no easy matter for the ladies to relinquish their rights to prescribe. If the gentlewoman of the day still

> "knew for sprains what bands to choose,
> Could tell the sovereign wash to use
> For freckles, and was learned in brews
> As erst Medea,"

it would not have done for the self-appointed instructors of the sex to be behindhand in these arts. E. Smith cannot resist giving some two hundred receipts "never before been made public," though she has the grace to print them in a section apart. Mrs. Harrison and Mrs. Price both undertake to make "Every man his own Doctor," and in the undertaking Mrs. Price supplies a cure that I quote on the chance of its proving useful, for I fancy the malady continues to be common, so afflicted am I with it myself. "For the Lethargy," she says, "you may snuff strong vinegar up the nose." It was natural at a time when Compendiums, Universal Visitors, Dictionaries of Commerce, and of everything else, were in vogue, that other women took upon themselves also, by means of Dictionaries, and Magazines,

and Companions, and Jewels, and Guides, to see their sex comfortably through life "from the cradle to the grave." I have any number of ambitious books of this kind, all based on The Whole Duty of Woman, and the performance of Mrs. Hannah Woolley of seventeenth-century fame. Take a few headings of chapters from any one chosen at random, and you have the character of all: Of Religion; The Duty of Virgins; Of Wives; Of Gravies, Soups, Broths, Pottages. But the system, the careful division of subjects, now become indispensable, is observed even in these compilations.

The new love of order had one drawback. It gave writers less opportunity for self-revelation. I miss the personal note so pleasant in the older books of cookery, that is, in the receipts themselves. One collection is so like another I can hardly tell them apart unless I turn to the title-page or the preface. But here ample amends are made. The cook did not suppress his individuality meekly, and, fortunately for him, the age was one of Prefaces and Dedications. In the few pages where he still could swagger, he made up for the many where the mode forced him to efface himself. "Custom," says John Nott, in 1723, to the "Worthy Dames" to whom

he offers his Dictionary, "has made it as unfashionable for a Book to appear without an Introduction, as for a Man to appear at Church without a Neckcloth, or a Lady without a Hoop-petticoat." "It being grown as unfashionable for a Book to appear in public without a Preface, as for a Lady to appear at a Ball without a Hoop-petticoat," says Mrs. Smith in 1727, her great talent being for plagiarism, "I shall conform to custom for Fashion's sake, and not through any Necessity." Mr. Hazlitt thinks Mrs. Smith unusually observant; he should have remembered the library at her disposal, and, had he known this library more intimately, he would have realized how little scruple she had in drawing from it. She only writes because, although already there are "various Books that treat on this subject and which bear great names as Cooks to Kings, Princes and Noblemen," most of them have deceived her in her expectations, so impracticable, whimsical, or unpalatable, are the receipts. But she presents the result of her own experience "in Fashionable and Noble Families," and if her book but "prove to the advantage of many, the end will be answered that is proposed by her that is ready to serve the Publick in what she may." Each writer in turn is as

eager to find a reason for his or her help in glutting the market. The author of the Collection Of above Three Hundred Receipts is prompted by the sole "desire of doing good," in which, fortunately, she has been aided by those "who with a Noble Charity and Universal Benevolence have exposed to the World such invaluable secrets," as, I suppose, "how to stew Cucumbers to eat hot," or "to make the London Wigs," — gratitude, above all, being due to the Fair Sex, "who, it may be because of the greater Tenderness of their Nature or their greater Leisure, are always found most Active and Industrious in this, as well as in all other kinds of Charity. O Heavenly Charity!" — and so on, and so on. William Gelleroy has learnt during service with the Lord Mayor that "so long as it is the fashion to eat, so long will cookery books be useful." Mrs. Elizabeth Price, the healer of Lethargy, thinks it her duty to show the world how to unite "Economy and Elegance," and, as an assurance of her ability, breaks into verse on her title-page : —

"Here you may quickly learn with care
To act the housewife's part,
And dress a modern Bill of Fare
With Elegance and Art."

A

COLLECTION

Of above Three Hundred

RECEIPTS

IN

Cookery,

Phyſick *and* Surgery;

For the Uſe of all

Good Wives, Tender Mothers, and Careful Nurſes.

By ſeveral Hands.

The Second Edition.

To which is Added,

A Second PART, Containing a great Number of Excellent Receipts, for Preſerving and Conſerving of Sweet-Meats, *&c.*

LONDON, Printed for *Mary Kettilby*, and Sold by *Richard Wilkin*, at the *King's Head* in *St. Paul's Church-Yard*. MDCC XIX.

Mrs. Charlotte Mason knows there are many books, but has "never met with one that contained any instructions for regulating a table." Mrs. Elizabeth Moxon, like the modest author to-day, shifts the responsibility to her "honored friends who first excited her to the publication of her book, and who have been long eye-witnesses of her Skill and Behaviour in the Business of her Calling." Mrs. Elizabeth Raffald, reflecting upon the contempt with which the many volumes already published were read, seems to have hoped no one would find her out if she boldly borrowed from Mrs. Price and Mrs. Glasse, and tried to save her own from the general fate by uniting "Economy and Elegance," taking the very words out of Mrs. Price's mouth, and by seeing that it was not "glossed over with Hard Names or words of High Stile, but wrote in my own plain language," barely altering Mrs. Glasse's memorable phrase. I select a few specimens of her plain language: "Hares and Rabbits requires time and care," she says, with a cheerful disregard of grammar; "Pigeons Transmogrified" is a term I should recommend to the Century Company for a new edition of their Dictionary; while upon a very popular dish of the day she bestows the name "Solomon-gundy,"

as if she fancied that, somehow, King Solomon were responsible for it. John Farley hopes his book is distinguished from others by "Perspicuity and Regularity." But I might go on quoting indefinitely, for almost every Preface is a masterpiece of its kind, so pompous in its periods, so bombastic in its eloquence, until I begin to suspect that if Bacon wrote Shakespeare, so Dr. Johnson must have written Nott and Lamb and Clermont and Farley; that if Dr. Hill transformed himself into Hannah Glasse, so Dr. Johnson must have masqueraded as E. Smith, Elizabeth Raffald, and a whole bevy of fair cooks and housekeepers.

There is another trait shared by all these cooks, to whom I should do scant justice if I did not point it out. This is the large liberality with which they practiced their art. The magnitude of their ideas, at times, makes me gasp. I have been often asked if, with such a fine collection to choose from, I do not amuse myself experimenting with the old receipts. But all our flat turned into a kitchen would not be large enough to cook an eighteenth-century dinner, nor our year's income to pay for it. The proportions used in each different dish are gigantic. What Dr. King wrote in jest of the different cooks who,

"to show you the largeness of their soul, prepared you Mutton swol'd[1] and oxen whole," was virtually true. For a simple "Fricassy," you begin with half a dozen chickens, half a dozen pigeons, half a dozen sweetbreads, and I should need a page to explain what you finish with for garniture. Fowls disappeared into a lamb or other meat pie by the dozen; a simple leg of mutton must have its garniture of cutlets; twelve pounds of good meat, to say nothing of odd partridges, fowls, turkeys, and ham, went into the making of one stew, — it is something stupendous to read. And then the endless number of dishes in a menu, — the insufferably crowded table. A century before, Pepys had discovered the superior merit of serving "but a dish at a time" when he gave his fine dinner to Lord Sandwich. But the eighteenth-century books continue to publish menus that make Gargantua's appetite seem mere child's play; their plates "exhibiting the order of placing the different dishes, etc., on the table in the most polite way" would spoil the appetite of the bravest. Forty-three dishes are symmetrically arranged for a single course in one of Vincent La

[1] "Swol'd Mutton is a sheep roasted in its Wool," according to Dr. Lister himself.

Chapelle's plates, and La Chapelle was a Frenchman, and in England enjoyed Lord Chesterfield's patronage. Cooks may have got so advanced as no longer to believe "that Syllibubs come first and Soups the last," but quantity was still their standard of merit. Authorities may have begun to decree that "three courses be the most." But consider what a course meant. Let me give one menu of two courses as an average example. It is for a July day, and Mrs. Smith is the artist: "First Course: Cock Salmon with buttered lobsters, Dish of Scotch collops, Chine of Veal, Venison pasty, Grand Sallad, Roasted geese and ducklings, Patty royal, Roasted pig larded, Stewed carps, Dish of chickens boiled with bacon, etc.,"—that etc. is expressive. "Second Course: Dish of partridges and quails, Dish of lobsters and prawns, Dish of ducks and tame pigeons, Dish of jellies, Dish of fruit, Dish of marinated fish, Dish of Tarts of sorts." Add a third course to this if you dare.

At first, this lavishness perplexed me. I remembered eighteenth-century dinners as simple as our own. For example, Boswell's with Dr. Johnson one Easter Sunday, — a very good soup, a boiled leg of lamb and spinach, a veal pie, and rice pudding, — that seems reason-

able. Or again, the beef, pudding, and potatoes to which Grub Street was invited on Sundays by the successful author, according to Smollett. Or Stella's breast of mutton and a pint of wine when she dined at home in Dublin. "Two plain dishes, with two or three good-natured, cheerful, ingenious friends," was Steele's idea of a good dinner. But then there is the opposite side of the picture. Dr. Johnson's Gulosulus, cultivating the art of living at the cost of others. Swift, in London, sauntering forth of a morning deliberately in search of a dinner at somebody else's house and expense, and if none of the great men with great establishments invited him, dropping in for want of something better, and without a moment's notice, at Mrs. Vanhomrigh's, and he could not have been a more severe critic had he had the special invitation which Dr. Johnson thought made the special menu an obligation. "The worst dinner I ever saw at the dean's was better," Swift wrote to Stella, "than one had at Sir Thomas Mansel's," and "yet this man has ten thousand pounds a year and is a Lord of the Treasury!" At the Earl of Abingdon's, on a certain Ash Wednesday, there was nothing but fish that was raw, wine that was poison, candles that were tallow; and yet

"the puppy has twelve thousand pounds a year," though I do not find that Swift went the length of calling his host puppy in print, more outspoken as he was than most of his contemporaries. Swift was but one of a large crowd of hungry men in search of a free dinner which they looked upon as their right. By food the noble Lord tamed his authors and secured his sycophants; by food the gracious Lady ruled her salon. "Whenever you meet with a man eminent in any way, feed him, and feed upon him at the same time," was Lord Chesterfield's advice to his son. Mrs. Thrale had but to provide sweetmeats to make her evenings a success, Dr. Johnson thought. Nor, for that matter, has the bait lost its cunning in the London of to-day. Now the eighteenth-century cook who wrote books was a snob. He would always have you know it was with the Tables of Princes, Ambassadors, Noblemen, and Magistrates he was concerned; but rarely would he devise "the least expensive methods of providing for private families," and then it must be "in a very elegant manner." He had, therefore, to design on a large scale, to adapt his art to the number and hunger and fastidiousness of the hanger-on. And here, I think, you have the explanation.

But another problem I have hitherto been unable to solve. When I study the receipts of the period, I am struck by their variety and excellence. The tendency to over-seasoning, to the mixing of sweets and savories in one dish, had not altogether been overcome; probably, I am afraid, because fresh meat was not always to be had, and suspicious flavors had to be disguised. Some "made dishes" you know, without tasting them, to be as "wretched attempts" as Maclaurin's seemed to Dr. Johnson. However, so many and ingenious were the ways of preparing soups, sauces, meats, poultry, game, fish, vegetables, and sweets, the *gourmet* had sufficient chance to steer clear of the tawdry and the crude. Only in Voltaire's witticism was England then a country of a hundred religions and one sauce. Soup soared above the narrow oxtail and turtle ideal, and the cook roamed at will from the richest bisque to the simplest bouillon. The *casserole* was exalted and shared the honors with the honest spit. Fricassees and ragouts were not yet overshadowed by plain roast and boiled. Vegetables were not thought, when unadorned, to be adorned the most. And as for oysters, an American could not have been more accomplished in frying, scalloping, stewing,

roasting, broiling, and boiling them,— even Swift gave his dear little M. D. a receipt for boiled oysters, which must have been not unlike that delicious dish of mussels one has eaten in many a French provincial hotel. And what is England to-day? A country soupless and sauceless, consecrated to a "Chop or a Steak, sir!" from John o' Groat's to Land's End, vowed irrevocably to boiled potatoes and greens, without as much as a grain of salt to flavor them. How did it happen? What was the reason of the Decline and Fall? Not Tatler's Appeal to his fellow countrymen to "return to the food of their forefathers, and reconcile themselves to beef and mutton." That was uttered in 1710, and had absolutely no effect upon the tendency of the eighteenth-century cookery books that followed. As for "the common people of this kingdom [who] do still keep up the taste of their ancestors," never yet have they set the fashion. I confess I still remain in outer darkness, groping for a clue.

If, as a rule, the eighteenth-century books, save for their prefaces, have a strong family resemblance, I prize the more the small but select saving remnant that makes for individuality. There are books that stand out with

distinction, in my estimate, at least, because of the originality of the title: for instance, Adam's Luxury and Eve's Cookery; or the Kitchen-Garden display'd. (Printed for R. Dodsley in Pall Mall, 1744.) This octavo I saw first in the Patent Library collection of cookery books, never resting afterwards until I had secured a copy of my own, and the contents would have to be more colorless than they are to spoil my pleasure in the name. Now the charm is in the illustrations: for example, The Honours of the Table, or Rules for Behaviour During Meals (by the author of Principles of Politeness, 1791). Most of the cookery books of the period are content with the frontispiece, engraved on copper. But this little book has tail-pieces and illustrations scattered through the text, described in catalogues and bibliographies as "Woodcuts by Bewick." I saw it also first at the Patent Library, and before the ardor of my pursuit had cooled to the investigation point, three different editions had a place on my shelves; two printed in London at the Literary Press, in 1788 and 1791, the third printed in Dublin also in 1791. Then I found that the wood engravings — it is a mistake to call them woodcuts, and one might as well be pedantic in these mat-

ters — are not by Thomas but by John Bewick, which makes a difference to the collector. But then Bewick's brother is not to be despised, and the book is full of useful hints, such as "eating a great deal is deemed indelicate in a lady (for her character should be rather divine than sensual);" or, "if any of the company seem backward in asking for wine, it is the part of the master to ask or invite them to drink, or he will be thought to grudge his liquor." A few books please me because of the tribute their learning pays to the kitchen. Among these the most celebrated is Dr. Lister's edition of Apicius Coelius, published in 1705, now a rare book, at the time a bombshell in the camp of the antiquary, who, living in the country and hearing of it but not yet seeing it, was reduced to such "perplexity of mind" that "he durst not put any Catchup in his Fish Sauce, nor have his beloved Pepper, Oyl and Limon with his Partridge," lest "he might transgress in using something not common to the Antients." Another is The Art of Cookery, (1705), in imitation of Horace, by the Dr. King who was described, two years later, by Swift to Stella, as "a poor starving wit." And indeed, the £32 5 0, said to have been paid him for the poem by Lintot, could

APICIVS COELIVS
DE ARTE
COQVINARIA
cum Notis
M. LISTERI.

not have tided him over his difficulties as a thirsty man. It is rather a ponderous performance, with here and there flashes: probably the verses were some of those Pope said he would write "in a tavern three hours after he could not speak." The book was a skit really on Dr. Lister and his Apicius Coelius that, for the moment, served the wit as a target for his ridicule.

But, of all, the books I love most are those that make their appeal by some unexpected literary association. I own to a genuine emotion when I found it was to Lord Chesterfield that Vincent La Chapelle dedicated The Modern Cook, and that to the chef in his kitchen the noble patron offered the helping hand he later refused to the author at his door. I cannot understand why, for La Chapelle, in his praise of his lordship's exalted qualities, did not humble himself more completely than Johnson when overpowered, like the rest of mankind, by the enchantment of his lordship's address. In the Gentle Art of Toadying, the author of the eighteenth century could instruct the cook. It was, however, reserved for William Verral to give me the greatest thrill. His Complete System of Cookery is little known even to bibliographers; its receipts do not seem exceptional, perhaps

because they have been so freely borrowed by other compilers; in make-up the book scarcely differs from the average, nor is there special distinction in Verral's post at the time of his writing, — he was master of the White Hart Inn, Lewes, Sussex; "no more than what is vulgarly called a poor publican" is his description of himself. But his title-page at the first glance was worth more to me than a whole shelf of his contemporaries' big fat volumes. Let me explain. By no great man in the annals of cookery have I been so puzzled as by that once famous "Chloe," French cook to the Duke of Newcastle, and important enough in his own generation to swagger for a minute in the Letters of Horace Walpole and Lady Mary Wortley Montagu. I had heard of Chloe, the beloved of Daphnis; I had heard of Chloe, the rival of Steele's Clarissa; I had even heard of Chloe, the old darky cook of the South. But of Chloe, a Frenchman, I had never heard, and I knew, without consulting the Encyclopædia, he simply could not exist. Who, then, was the Duke of Newcastle's Chloe? He was the last person I had in my mind when I began to read Verral's title, but by the time I got to the end I understood: A Complete System of Cookery, In which

is set forth a Variety of genuine Receipts; collected from several Years' Experience under the celebrated Mr. de St. Clouet, sometimes since Cook to his Grace, the Duke of Newcastle. Clouet — Chloe — is it not as near and neat a guess as could be hoped for in the French of eighteenth-century London? He deserves his fame, for his receipts are excellent; wisdom in all he says about soup; genius in his use of garlic. Verral, moreover, writes an Introductory Preface, a graceful bit of autobiography, "to which is added, a true character of Mons. de St. Clouet;" so well done that there is scarcely a cook in history, not Vatel, not Carême, whom I now feel I know better. "An honest man," Verral testifies, "worthy of the place he enjoyed in that noble family he had the honour to live in," not extravagant as was said, but "setting aside the two soups, fish, and about five *gros entrées* (as the French call them) he has with the help of a couple of rabbits or chickens, and six pigeons, completed a table of twenty-one dishes at a course, with such things as used to serve only for garnish round a lump of great heavy dishes before he came." Fortunately for the Duke of Newcastle's purse, St. Clouet must still have been with him for the famous

banquets celebrating his installation as Chancellor at Cambridge, when, according to Walpole, his cooks for ten days massacred and confounded "all the species that Noah and Moses took such pains to preserve and distinguish," and, according to Gray, everyone "was very owlish and tipsy at night." This was in 1749; 1759 is the date of Verral's book, by which time St. Clouet had become cook to the Maréchal de Richelieu. I think it but due to him to recall that he was "of a temper so affable and agreeable as to make everybody happy around him. He would converse about indifferent matters with me (Verral) or his kitchen boy, and the next moment, by a sweet turn in his discourse, give pleasure by his good behaviour and genteel deportment, to the first steward in the family. His conversation is always modest enough, and having read a little, he never wanted something to say, let the topick be what it would." How delightful if cooks to-day brought us such graceful testimonials!

It is with discoveries of this kind my Cookery Books reward me for the time — and worse, the money — I spend upon them. I never pick up one already in my collection, well as I may know it, without wondering what puzzle

it will unravel for me; I never buy a new one without seeing in it the possible key to a mystery. And when I consider how much more fruitful in such rewards my eighteenth-century books have been than my seventeenth, when I consider the splendor of their mock heroics, the magnificence of their bombast, I waver in my old allegiance and begin to think that, after all, this is the period that charms me most in the Literature of the Kitchen.

III

IT is when I look at my Latin books that I am most convinced of my sincerity as collector. My English books I can read and enjoy. But my pleasure in these old vellum-covered quartos and octavos, printed in a language I cannot understand, is purely bibliographical. Were their pages blank, my profit as reader could be no less. But without them, my pride as collector would not be so great.

They are not many, or it would be nearer the truth to say they are very few. But these few are of rare interest, and at least one would satisfy the collector of Early Printed Books. Indeed, since I have been collecting, I begin to believe that the real achievement of the Renaissance was not the discovery of the world and man, as historians fancy, but the discovery of the kitchen, so promptly were cookery books put on the market. The earliest, Platina's De Honesta Voluptate, I cannot mention without a sigh, remembering how once at Sotheby's I came within a miserable pound of having the edition dated 1475 for my own, — such an exceptionally fine copy too! However, I take what comfort I can from

Apicius Coelius, which I have in two editions. One, the first, is only eleven years younger than the Platina; and 1486 is a respectable date, as these matters go. When the first chapter on My Cookery Books was printed in The Atlantic, I had only the 1498 edition, my copy, as I described it, quite perfect save for the absence of the title-page. For long I tried to convince myself that this absence was welcome as one of the marks by which the Early Printed Book may be known. Besides, I could see no need for a title-page, when there, on the last page, was the name of the printer, and the date, while the space left for the capital letter at the beginning of every division was still another mark as distinctive of the primitive press, though 1498 might be a little late to look for either one or the other. But M. Vicaire and his Bibliography refused to leave me in my comfortable ignorance. The 1498 edition, when perfect, has a title-page; one, moreover, with a fine printer's mark, — an angel holding a sphere. The curious may be referred to the example at the Bibliothèque Nationale in Paris. But not even M. Vicaire can put me out of countenance when it comes to my first edition,[1] printed by Bernardino of

[1] I speak of it as the first out of deference to the authorities.

Venice. That, anyway, is in order: title-page in place, the spaces, all except one, filled with decorative capitals by the wood-cutter; the pages untorn and unsoiled, only mellowed by time to a rich yellow; here and there, on the margin, a note, and once some verses, in beautiful old handwriting; the binding of vellum. I have the further satisfaction of knowing that it is more complete than any that has come in M. Vicaire's way. On the title-page there are three titles: Apitii Celii de re Coquinaria libri decem ; Suetonius Trāquillus De Claris Grāmaticis; Suetonius Trāquillus De Claris Rhetoribus. M. Vicaire calls attention to the fact that the two treatises under the heading Suetonius, etc., do not appear. But in my copy they do, combined in one essay. And whenever I am discouraged by the condition of some of my rare books into asking myself whether, after all, they are anything more than Mr. Lang's "twopenny treasures," a glance at the 1486 Apicius restores my confidence in my collection.

When I consider what the mere possession of the book

Judging the books by their appearance, I should say the 1498 edition was far the earlier. Certainly it is the first with a date, and, I am happy to say, is excessively rare.

Apitii Celii de re Coquinaria libri decem.

Suetonius Trâquillus De Claris Gramaticis.

Suetonius Trâquillus De Claris Rhetoribus:

Coquinariæ capita Græca ab Apitio posita hæc sunt:
Epimeles:Artoptus:Cepurica:Pandecter:Osprion
Trophetes:Polyteles:Tetrapus:Thalassa:Halieus:
Hanc Plato adulatricem medicinæ appellat.

means to me, it seems unreasonable to waste my time in regretting the further pleasure I might have, if only I could read it. But what a triumph, if I could decide the vexed question as to whether one of the three men who, in the days of Roman Emperors, made the name Apicius the synonym for gluttony, was the author, and, if so, which; or whether, as Dr. Martin Lister and Dr. Warner agreed over a hundred years ago, the book was the work of a fifteenth-century student of cookery who borrowed the ancient name to advertise his own performance. And what a satisfaction if I could demolish the irreverent critics who declare the receipts to be full of "garbage," — of vile concoctions, with assafœtida for *motif!* The few words I can understand — asparagus, carrots, wine, oil, melons, pork — sound innocent, even appetizing. But to argue from such meagre premises would be about as wise as to criticise a picture, in Morellian fashion, after seeing it only in the photograph.

I have also Dr. Lister's edition, with numerous notes: not the first published in London in 1705, but the second, printed in Amsterdam four years later, limited to a hundred copies. This is the book which set Dr. King to writing his Art of Cookery in imitation of Horace, and

filled scholars who could not secure it for themselves with despair lest they might be dining in defiance of classical rule. The notes are so many that they turn the thin little old quarto into a fat octavo. For their learning, as they too are in Latin, I must take the word of Dr. Lister's admirers. But, without reading them, I know they are sympathetic. Dr. Lister was not only physician to Queen Anne, but her adviser in the Art of Eating, and it was his privilege to inspire the indigestions it became his duty to cure. The frontispiece calls for no interpreter, though the scrupulous housekeeper might think it needs an apologist. It shows a kitchen with poultry, fruit, and vegetables strewn over the floor as none but the artist would care to see them, and cooks, in the scantiest drapery, posing in the midst of the confusion; prominent in the foreground, a Venetian plaque exactly like one on my dining-room mantelpiece, or for that matter like dozens shining and glittering from the darkness of the cheap little fish-shops of Venice.

With these three editions of Apicius, I am content. I know ten are duly entered in the pages of M. Vicaire, but when a book figures so seldom in sale rooms and catalogues, I think I am to be envied my good fortune in owning it at all.

My next Latin work is De Re Cibaria, by Bruyerin, which I have in the first edition, a thick, podgy octavo, published at Lyons by Sebastian Honorat in 1560. A more severe and solid page of type I have never seen. The quotations from Horace or Virgil, breaking the solidity, seem like indiscretions; an air of undue frivolity is given when, toward the end, the division into short chapters results in two, three, and even four initial letters on a single page; while a capital N, inserted sideways, and overlooked by author, printer, and proof-reader, is a positive relief as the one sign of human weakness in all the eleven hundred and twenty-nine solemn pages. Bruyerin was a learned physician who translated Averroes and Avicenna, and who was sufficiently in favor at court to attend those suppers of Francis I., which, he explains, were served by Theologians, Philosophers, and Doctors. If it was from this company he derived his theory of food, it is alarming to consider the consequences to his contemporaries. In any case, his book, to look at, is the most impressive in my library. I have also a graceful quarto, called Juris Evidentiæ Demonstratio in Materia Alimentorum et Sumptuum Litis, by Maria Francesco Cevoli, Florence, 1703, omitted from all bibliographies of cook-

ery books. But as it is concerned indirectly with nourishment, it seems to me eligible. Besides, it has many graces of outward form that appeal to the book lover, — a pleasant page well spaced and well printed, old paper mellowed and toned by years, a vellum binding ingeniously patched.

I may as well admit at once that unfortunate gaps occur not only in my Latin, but in all my foreign sections. Naturally, one's spoils are richest in one's own country. When I travel on the Continent I keep my eyes open, and I receive many foreign catalogues. But that is not quite the same as being continually on the spot. After my English books, my Italian are the most numerous, because mine is the rare good fortune to have had in Italy a friend who was as eager to collect for me as I am to collect for myself. Mr. Charles Godfrey Leland, who lived in Florence, for several years haunted the old bookshops and barrows there in my behalf, and to him I owe an imposing shelf of vellum-covered volumes, the titles of many in illuminated lettering on their backs, often both binding and illumination being the work of his hands. A few prizes have also been captured by me in London, and altogether, if I boast of my Italian section,

it is with reason. Curiously, however, though it includes almost every one of the amazing treatises of the sixteenth century, and though few if any of the nineteenth-century books are missing, the two intervening centuries are unrepresented, — the period, that is, to which belong by far the larger part of my English series.

But had the selection been deliberate, instead of the result of mere chance, it could not have been better. The Italian cookery books were the most important published anywhere, in the sixteenth century. Italy then set the standard of cookery, as of all the arts, for the world. Even the French looked up to the Italian chef as to the Italian painter or sculptor. Historically, these old volumes are indispensable to the student of the Renaissance. Bibliographically, too, they have their charm: being often delightful specimens of book-making, and, as often, of unquestionable rarity. For two or three I still look, but the most famous are already in my possession: the Banchetti of Christoforo di Messibugo, not in the first edition published at Ferrara in 1549, but in the second with the title changed to Libro Novo, printed *In Venetia al segno di San Girolamo* in 1552, — a little shabby octavo in cracked vellum; La Singolare Dottrina of Domenico

Romoli, a dignified stout octavo which I have in the first edition, bearing the date 1560, and the name of the printer, Michel Tramezino, who seems to have had something like a monopoly of cookery books in Venice; the Opera of Bartolomeo Scappi, another of Tramezino's publications, also mine in its first edition, 1570, — a nice, fat, substantial octavo in its old vellum covers, but compressed into half the thickness between the shining calfskin with which Sala bound the second edition — 1598 — which I secured at his sale; Il Trinciante of Vincenzo Cervio, my only copy, Giovanni Vacchi's edition of 1593, the first having been issued by the indefatigable Tramezino in 1581; Castor Durante's Tesoro della Sanità, one of my compensations, as the first of my two editions (Venice, Andrea Muschio, 1586), is a year earlier than the first known to M. Vicaire. You see, I enjoy occasional moments of superiority, if I do suffer occasional humiliations.

My Italian is no great thing to boast of, but, with the help of a dictionary, I have gradually read enough to learn that these old books are delightfully amusing. It is their close relationship to the church that strikes me above all. "Take pride from priests and what remains?" some-

LA SINGOLARE
DOTTRINA DI M. DOMENICO
Romoli ſopranominato Panunto,

Dell'ufficio dello Scalco, de i condimenti di tutte le viuande, le ſtagioni che ſi conuengono a tutti gli animali, vccelli, & peſci, Banchetti di ogni tempo, & mangiare da apparecchiarſi di dì, in dì, per tutto l'anno a Prencipi.

Con la dichiaratione della qualità delle carni di tutti gli animali, & peſci, & di tutte le viuande circa la ſanità.

Nel fine vn breue trattato del reggimento della ſanità. Opera ſommamente vtile a tutti.

E IL MIO FOGLIO

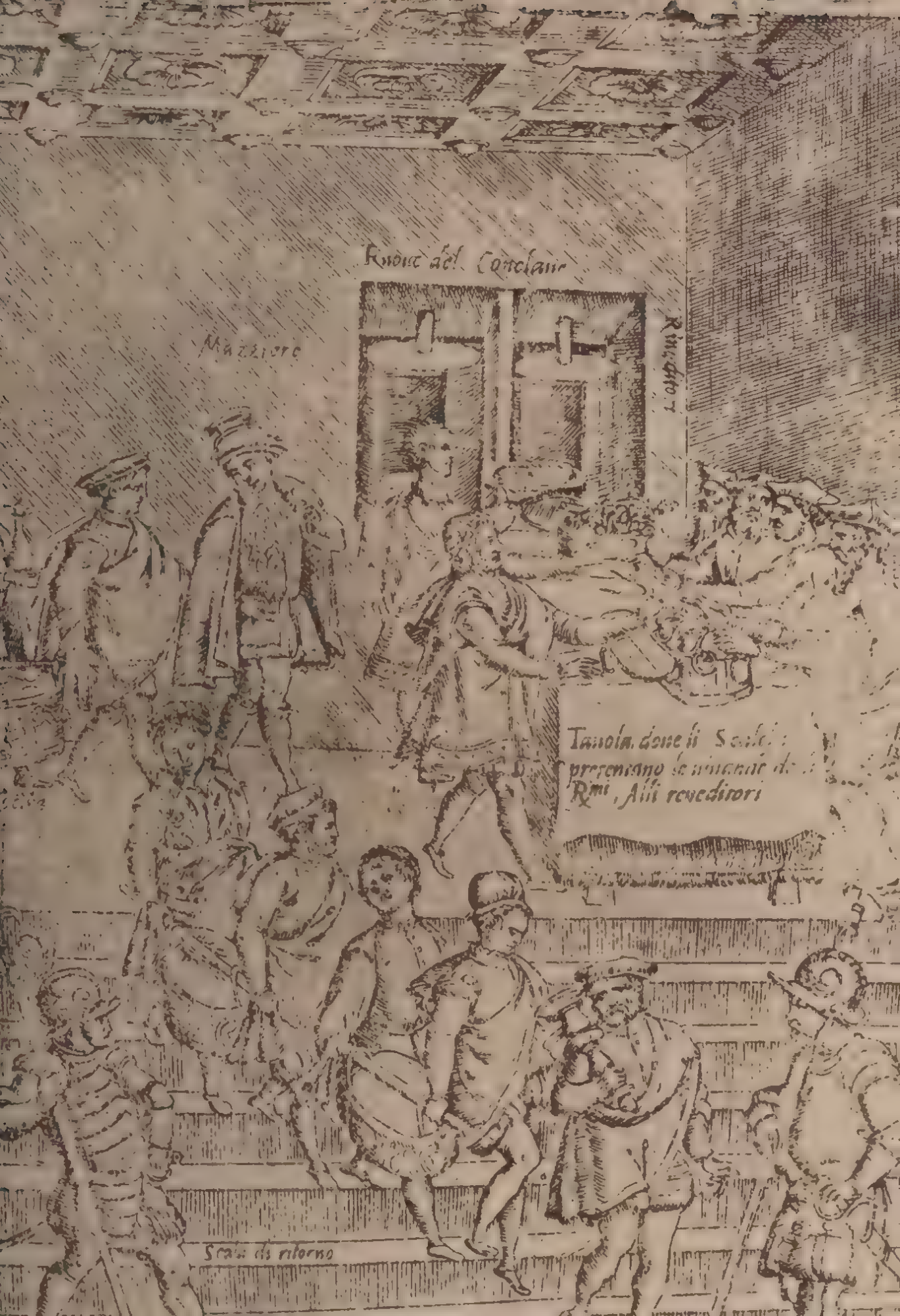
Col Priuilegio del Sommo Pontefice, & dell'Illuſtr. Senato Veneto per anni XX.

body once said to Voltaire. "Do you then reckon gluttony for nothing?" was his answer. Certainly, in the Italy of the Renaissance, gluttony seems to have been the chief resource of Popes and Cardinals, who were no longer quite so sure that man was placed on earth to gather bitter fruit. The distinguished cooks of the period, whose names have come down to us, were with scarcely an exception as dependent on church patronage as the distinguished painters and sculptors. When they undertook to write on their art, their books were published, as every title-page records, "Col Privilegio del Sommo Pontefice," and as a rule were dedicated to, or at least inspired by, the priest or church dignitary in whose household the author served. Messibugo, a native of Moosburg, Bavaria, who settled in Italy and wrote in Italian, was cook to the Illustrissimo et Reverendissimo Signore, il Signor Don Hippolito da Este, Cardinal di Ferrara, to whom he offered his Banchetti. Scappi was *cuoco secreto* (private cook) to Pius V., and his treatise was written chiefly for the instruction of Giovanni, a pupil recommended by Cardinal Carpi. Cervio and his editor Narni were each in turn *trinciante*, that is, carver, to Cardinal Alessandro Farnese, whose name graces the dedication. Romoli was

cook to a Pope — I have not yet been able to find out which Pope — and to a Cardinal. It seems almost like heresy when Castor Durante, a physician who ventured to write on the subject, dedicated his Tesoro to a lady, la Signora Donna Camilla Peretta, and yet she, I fancy from her name, was a near relation of Pius V.

If there is one feature all these books have in common, it is a love of pageantry, eminently characteristic of the Renaissance. Popes and Cardinals, who overloaded their churches with ornament, who covered the walls of their palaces with splendid pictures and gorgeous arabesques, whose very costume added to the pageant into which they turned their daily existence, would have had no appetite for the meal that did not contribute its share to the great spectacle of life. The simplest dish was transformed into a bewildering harmony of color, a marvelous medley of spices and sweets, and when it came to the composition of the menu for a feast, the cook soared to heights of poetic imagination, now happily unattainable. It was over these menus he loved to linger at his desk as in his kitchen. Messibugo frankly confessed the subject that engrossed him in the title of his book, which, I cannot help thinking, as Lamb said of Thomson's Seasons, looks

Ordine che si tiene in Sedia Vacante à seruire gl'Illmi et Rmi Cardinali al Conclaue, si di Credenza di Sucina, come di Credenza et di bottigliaria.


Ruota del Concistoro
Maestro
Tauola, dove si Scuffi
presentano le petitioni de
Rmi, Alli reveditori
Scala di ritorno

best when, like my copy picked up by my husband in an old bookshop of Siena, it is a little torn and dog's-eared, with sullied leaves and a worn-out appearance, for its shabbiness shows that generations have had as much joy in the reading as the Cardinal had in the eating. The banquets, in which I am afraid lurked many a magnificent indigestion, covered twenty years, from the first on the 20th of May, 1529, — the feast of San Bernardino is Messibugo's pious reminder, — and were designed on a scale and with a spectacular splendor that fairly staggers the modern weakling. An Italian Inigo Jones building up the stage for a masque, one might think, not the cook dishing up his dinner. A terrace or a fair garden became the scene, cypress and orange groves the background, courses were served to the sound of "divine music" and interrupted by the wit of a pleasant farce. And yet, these were the commonplaces of feasting. Cervio's banquets were far more amazing, or, it may be, he had a prettier talent for description. Pies from which outstepped little blackamoors bearing gifts of perfumed gloves, or rabbits with coral beads on their feet and silver bells round their necks; castles of pastry with sweet-smelling fire issuing from the ramparts; white peacocks

served in their feathers to look alive; statues of the Horse at the Capitol, of Hercules and the Lion in marchpane; a centre table of a hundred lovely ladies; a beautiful garden — *bellissimo giardino* — all in paste and sugar, with fountains playing, statues on terraces, trees bearing boxes of sugar plums, a fish-pond, and, for the beautiful ladies, little nets to go fishing with if they would; — such are a few of Cervio's flights of fancy for great occasions: the wedding of the Duke of Mantua, for instance, or the reception of Charles V. by Cardinal Campeggio. This was the Cardinal who, when he went to England on business connected with the divorce of Henry VIII. and Queen Katharine, was charged by the Pope with a private mission to look into the state of the kitchens of the king and of the people, so that no doubt he was qualified to appreciate Cervio's most daring fantasies. But it seems as if the two hundred and eighteen receipts for fish Scappi gives must have more than satisfied a Pope whose usual *apéritif* before dinner was a visit to the hospitals and practices there too unpleasant for me to repeat. Scappi, however, was an artist, and when, in his portrait, the frontispiece to his book, I see the sad ruggedness of his face and the lines with which his brow is seamed and fur-

rowed, I attribute these signs of care to his despair over the Pope's hair shirt and all it stood for. He himself shared the ideal of his contemporaries. Not one could surpass him in the ceremonial banquet he prepared for the "Coronation" of Pius V., or for Cardinals in Conclave; not one could equal him in the more informal feasts he suggested for an August fast day after vespers in a vineyard, or for a May afternoon in a garden of the Trastevere, or for the cool of a June evening in Cardinal Carpi's vineyard on Monte Cavallo. And there is the intimate charm of the "petits soupers" of the French court a couple of centuries later in his light collations served, one at an early hour of a cold December morning after a performance of Plautus, another at Cardinal Bellaia's after a diverting comedy played in French, Spanish, Venetian, and Bergamesque. Whatever Pope Pius might do, Scappi kept up the best traditions of the Vatican. His book has the further merit of taking one behind the scenes; in an unrivaled series of illustrations, it shows the Vatican kitchen, airy and spacious as he says a kitchen should be, the Vatican scullery, cellar, and dairy, and every pot, pan, and conceivable utensil a Papal or any other cook could ever be in need of. Domenico Romoli,

though less gorgeous than Messibugo and Cervio, less charming than Scappi, outdid them in ambition. For to the inevitable description of occasional feasts, he added, in anticipation of Baron Brisse, three hundred and sixty-five menus for the three hundred and sixty-five days of the year, and served them in the noble fashion of " those divine Florentine geniuses," his fellow citizens, who were masters of table decoration. In his treatise, however, one is conscious of the mummy at the feast. The private cook of Pope or Cardinal has need to keep his eyes open, he says with a sigh, and adds that he never goes to bed at night without thanking God for still another day passed in safety. The fear of poison haunted him, as it must have haunted many another man in his responsible position. Sala, on a fly-leaf of his copy of Scappi, noted his surprise to find no trace of poisons in the book. But I think there is more than a trace in Scappi's advice to build the kitchen apart from the house that none might enter unseen and tamper with the food. The Italian cook's bed in those days was not one of roses.

It would be a mistake to think there were no frugal intervals in these old books. Even the prevailing flamboyancy had its degrees. The feast might begin with

Cucina principale
lucerna
ridutto da pani
Camerino per garzoni
ordegno
muretto p pignatte
banchi
Colonna col mortaro
Tauola per imbandire

nothing more elaborate than melon and a slice of ham or sausage served together, for all the world as at the last breakfast I ate in the trattoria at Lecco, where the Milanese go for a Sunday outing in summer. Simple salads and salmis had their place among the intricate devices at Cardinal Ferrara's table, and Messibugo himself gives ten different kinds of maccheroni, not leaving out the most frequent if least simple of all in to-day's bill of fare, Maccheroni alla Napoletani. Scappi is prodigal in his receipts for soups and fish, and caters specially for the convalescent. Such plain fare as the English veal pie — *alla Inglese* — was at times imported, though before it reached the Italian table olives and capers had been added. But still, the principal attention was paid to feasting, the main tendency of the cookery book was toward excess and exaggeration, until the protest, which Durante's Tesoro probably seemed when it appeared in 1586, was sorely needed. It was time to teach, not how to eat, but how, in eating, to preserve health.

The next book in my Italian series marks a radical change. If in the sixteenth century the Italian kitchen was paramount, in the seventeenth, the tables had turned and French cookery had become supreme. It is therefore

appropriate that my one Italian book of the period should be the translation of La Varenne's famous Cuisinier François, since described as "the starting point of modern cookery." My copy of Il Cuoco Francese was published in Venice in 1703, but the first edition appeared in 1693 in Bologna, and so the book belongs by right to the same century as the original. Of the century that followed, my record is almost as barren. But, here again, had the choice been left to me, I should have preferred to all others the books that happen to have found their way to my shelves. For they include the principal works of Francesco Leonardi, who wrote them with that naïve want of reserve peculiar to distinguished cooks. The most elaborate is the Apicio Moderno in six volumes, to the collector an indispensable sequel to the fifteenth century Apicius. My copy is dated 1807, but the first edition appeared before 1800. Another is the Pasticciere all' Uso Moderno, Florence, 1797, written when, after serving the Maréchal de Richelieu, and going through several campaigns with Louis XV., Leonardi had become chef to Catherine II., Empress of all the Russias, to whom his French training did not prevent his serving many Italian dishes. But he excelled even himself in the Gi-

anina ossia la Cuciniera delle Alpi (the date carefully blotted out on the title-page of my copy, and the book, to my astonishment, unknown to M. Vicaire). It was a legacy, he says, left him by an accomplished lady whom he described as the hostess of an inn on the Mont Cenis, but whom I suspect to have been one of his own inventions. Not over his most inspired dish did he grow so lyrical as over the story of her happy wooing by the chef Luneville in the kitchen of her father's inn at Neustadt. He makes you feel there is more romance in the Courtship of Cooks than in all the Loves of the Poets or Tragedies of Artists' Wives, and, if only for the sake of the grandiloquent Preface that tells the tale, I recommend this work, his masterpiece.

With Leonardi, I bring the record of my Italian books to an end. The nineteenth century produced a large library on the subject of cookery, and most of the volumes in it I have, but they open an entirely new chapter in the literature of the kitchen.

My French books have been chosen as kindly by chance as my Italian. I still wait for the collector's prizes — Taillevent's Viandier (about 1490), the Roti-Cochon (about 1696), Le Pastissier François (1655), and I sup-

pose I shall go on waiting till the end, so extremely rare are they. But in the history of cookery they do not hold the indispensable place of the three most famous books of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries : La Varenne's Cuisinier François (1651), Les Dons de Comus (1739), La Cuisinière Bourgeoise (1746), and these I do own in interesting editions. The change that had come over the spirit of the kitchen is at once revealed in the rank of its new patrons. The church had ceased to be the controlling power. La Varenne was maître d'hôtel to the Marquis d'Uxelles ; Marin, author of Les Dons de Comus, was chef to the Maréchal de Soubise, who did pay his cooks, however other men in his service might fare ; and if the author of La Cuisinière Bourgeoise preferred to remain anonymous, his claim to favor was no ecclesiastical recommendation, but his own excellence as cook. Here was change indeed. But there was a still more vital difference. The Italian cookery books of the sixteenth century were as flamboyant as the kitchen they immortalized. In the French of the seventeenth, the genius of the French people for order, for harmony of balance, in a word, for style, had asserted itself. Perfection of form — that is what the French have striven for

Quà Pales, à Diane, à Cérès, à Bacchus
Se joignent Glaucus et Pomone
Tous leurs dons reunis sont des biens superflus

in all their arts, and cookery was no exception. Even under Louis XIV., who was blessed with a phenomenal appetite and more phenomenal capacity, dinner became a work of art, admirably rounded out, compared to the unspeakable medleys and discords, the barbarous profusion in which Popes and Cardinals a century earlier had found their pleasure. It was for a great principle Vatel killed himself when the fish did not arrive in time for the royal dinner at Chantilly. And the cooks brought the same order to their books. If La Varenne's has been described as "the starting point of modern cookery," it is because there is a method in his treatment of the subject, never before attempted, seldom since surpassed. And he wrote it at a time when, in England, Queen's Closets and Cabinets were being opened by titled dilettanti and obsequious courtiers. Compared to contemporary English books, it is as the masterpiece of Claude to the little pictures that many accomplished ladies besides Mrs. Pepys and Pegg Penn were turning out for the edification of their friends. He went to work as systematically as a chemist classifying gases and acids, or as an astronomer designing a chart of the heavens. Soups, Fish, Entrées, Roasts, Sauces, — a whole "artillery of sauces,"

— Entremets, were treated in their respective sections and correct order. His dishes did stand upon the order of their serving and his book was a training in itself. Its pages may be turned with the same confidence that carries the student through the galleries of French paintings in the Louvre — the certainty that all will be accomplished, correct, distinguished. Nor do I find that this method put a curb upon La Varenne's imagination, a restraint upon the expression of his individuality. He was a man of conscience, who wrote because he felt it right the public should profit by his experience and share his knowledge. But though his style has greater elegance and restraint than Sir Kenelm Digby's or Lord Ruthven's, it is as intimate and personal. " Bien que ma condition ne me rende pas capable d'un cœur héroique," he tells the Marquis d'Uxelles in a dedication that is stateliness itself, " elle me donne pourtant assez de ressentement pour ne pas oublier mon devoir; " and he concludes with the assurance that the entire work is but a mark of the passion with which he has devoted, and will ever devote, himself to the service of Monseigneur, whose very humble, very obedient, very grateful servant he is. Here and there in the text, he interrupts his technical direc-

tions for such a graceful little touch as the advice to garnish sweet dishes with the flowers that are in season, or the reminder that heed paid to any other such "petites curiosités" can but add to the honor and respect with which the great should be served. It is pleasant to find his successors profiting by these pretty hints, as well as by his masterly method. It was a distinct compliment to La Varenne, when Massialot, in the Nouvelle Instruction pour les Confitures, les Liqueurs, et les Fruits (1692; I only have it in the 1716 edition), gave one entire section as guide to the flowers in season, month by month, for the decoration of dishes, and another to the "delicate liqueurs," made from roses, violets, pinks, tuberoses, jasmine, and orange flowers, for all the year round.

La Varenne's book was an immediate and continued success. By 1652 there was a second edition, by 1654, a third. M. Vicaire counts seventeen before he finishes his list. I have the fourth, published at the Hague by Adrian Vlacq and ranked by some collectors with La Varenne's more famous Pastissier François in the Elzevir edition. The Cuisinier François never fetched three thousand dollars. In special binding, it has gone up to over a hundred, but ten is the average price quoted by bibliogra-

phers. I paid six for mine, bought, in the way Mr. Lang deplores, from a catalogue, without inspection. But I have no quarrel with the little duodecimo, yellow and worn, more than doubled in size by the paper of nearly the same date bound up with it. A few receipts in old German writing explain the object of this paper, but its owners, many or few, have left it mostly blank, the envy now of every etcher who sees it. I also delight in a later edition, without a date, but published probably somewhere between 1695 and 1715, by Pierre Mortier in Amsterdam. It has a curious and suggestive frontispiece, an engraving of a fine gentleman dining at a table set directly in front of the kitchen fire, with the chef himself in attendance, and it includes other works attributed to La Varenne. One is Le Maistre d'Hostel et le Grand Ecuyer Tranchant, a treatise originally published in L'Ecole Parfaite des Officiers de Bouche, which was appropriated and translated into English by Giles Rose in 1682, with the same dramatic diagrams of trussed birds and skewered joints, the same wonderful directions for folding napkins into beasts and birds, "the mighty pretty trade" that, when it reached England, enraptured Pepys. Thanks to this volume, my works of La Varenne are

Fig. 23

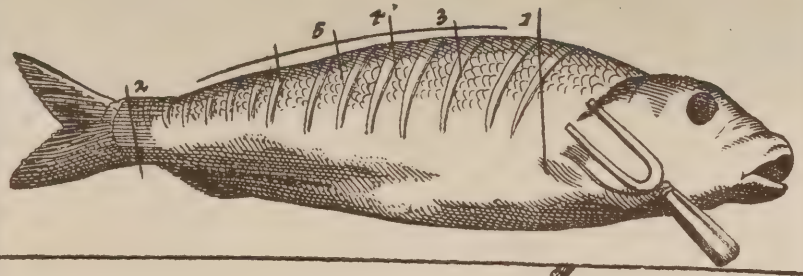
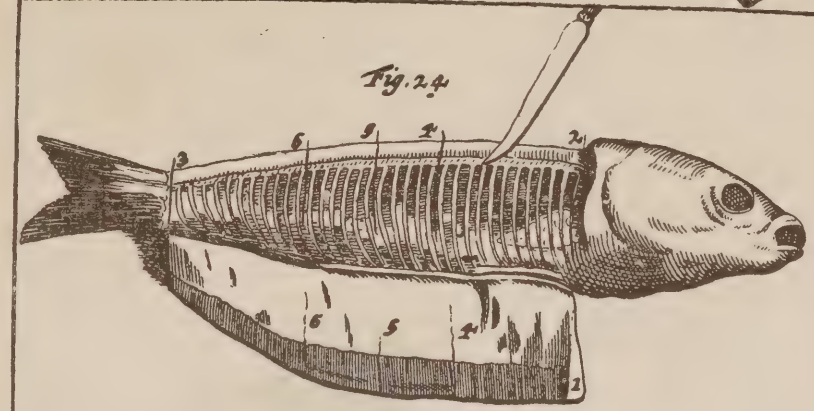


Fig. 24



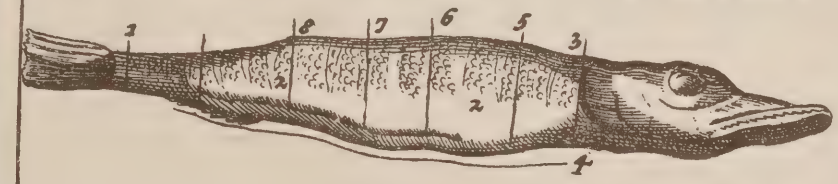


Fig. 25.

almost complete, if my editions, bibliographically, leave something to be desired.

When Marin wrote his book, a little less than a hundred years afterwards, the art had made strides forward in the direction of refinement and simplicity. Louis XIV. ate well, but the Regent and Louis XV. ate better. It was probably due to the Grand Monarque's abnormal stomach, which, I have seen it stated, was discovered after death to be twice the average size, that a suspicion of barbarity lingered in his day. But with the return of the royal organ to normal limits quality triumphed over quantity. I have not forgotten that Dr. Johnson, when he visited France, declared the French kitchen gross. But then Dr. Johnson was not an authority in these matters. If the word of any Englishman carries weight, I would rather quote a letter Richard West wrote to Walpole in the very year that Marin's book was published, as a proof that the distinction between English and French ideals was much the same then as now. "I don't pretend," he says, "to compare our supper in London with your partie de cabaret at Rheims; but at least, sir, our materials were more sterling than yours. You had a goûté forsooth, composed of des fraises, de la crême,

du vin, des gâteaux, etc. We, sir, we supped à l'Angloise. Imprimis, we had buttock of beef and Yorkshire ham; we had chicken, too, and a gallon bowl of sallad, and a gooseberry tart as big as anything." Might not that have been written yesterday? But more eloquent testimony is to be had from the French themselves. Moderation ruled over those enchanting little feasts of theirs that, in memory, cannot altogether die: Madame Geoffrin's suppers for the elect, of chicken, spinach, and omelette; Madame du Châtelet's with Voltaire at Cirey, "not abundant, but rare, elegant, and delicate," — and yet, it was Madame du Châtelet who rejoiced that God had given her a capacity for the pleasures of the table; a hundred others to us as irresistible. Or go to court, where the king's mistresses and courtiers were vying with one another in the invention of dishes graced with their own names, where even the more serious Queen played godmother to the dainty trifles we still know as Petites Bouchées à la Reine, where the famous *tables volantes* recalled the prodigies of Cervio — there too barbaric excess had gone out of fashion. I have space but for one example, though I could quote many as convincing, — Madame du Barry's dinner to the King: Coulis

de faisans; croustades du foie des lottes; salmis des bécassines; pain de volaille à la suprême; poularde au cresson; écrevisses au vin de Sauterne; bisquets de pêches au Noyau; crême de cerneaux; — the dinner that won for the cook the first *cordon bleu.* What an elegant simplicity compared to the haphazard profusion approved by Popes and Cardinals!

This simplicity rules in Marin's book. Throughout the three fat little volumes, the method is beyond criticism. And he was more learned than La Varenne, for whom I could wish, however, that his veneration had been greater. To make a point of dating the modern kitchen but thirty years back, when La Varenne had been long in the grave, seems a deliberate insult. In the history of his art, prepared with the assistance of two accomplished Jesuits, and beginning with the first man who discovered the use of fire, he defines this modern kitchen as "chemical, that is, scientific." But for all his science, he did not disdain the graces of style, he did not forget he was an artist. Let the cook, he says, blend the ingredients in a sauce, as the painter blends the colors on his palette, to produce the perfect harmony: as pretty a simile as I can remember in any book in my collection, given as were

the chefs of all nations to picturesque phrasing. But a wider gulf than learning separates Les Dons de Comus from Le Cuisinier François. La Varenne's book was addressed to his fellow artists; Marin's was designed not only for the officers in great households, but for the little bourgeois, who, though limited in means, was wise enough to care for good eating. The idea did not originate with him. As far back as 1691, Massialot had written his Cuisinier Royal et Bourgeois (my edition unfortunately is 1714), the earliest book I know, it is but fair to add, in which the contents are arranged alphabetically: a plan copied by John Nott and John Middleton in England for their Cooks' and Confectioners' Dictionary, and by Briand, in France, for his Dictionnaire des Aliments (1750), a pretentious and learned work in three volumes. Next, Le Ménage des Champs et de la Ville, ou Nouveau Cuisinier François (1710), considered all tastes, from those "des plus grands Seigneurs jusqu'a celles des bons Bourgeois," and was rewarded by being not only passed by the censor of the press, but recommended by him, in his official Approbation — a rare distinction. Neither of these books judged by its intrinsic merit could, however, compete with Les Dons de Comus. Marin was the genius

who, giving expression to the ideas of his time, made his treatise immediately the standard work on cookery. He was promptly flattered by wholesale imitation. In the Preface to the 1758 edition (which I have) he complains that in the twenty years since the first (which I have not), this compliment had been paid him with only too much sincerity. And, in truth, his followers did their best to capture his patron, the bourgeois, to borrow his weapons against artless extravagance, even to appropriate his similes. Menon's Science du Maître d'Hôtel Cuisinier (1749) owes everything to Marin, to the very glibness with which the art not of painting, but of music, is held up as a guide to the cook in the composition of his ragouts, and this debt Marin is quick to admit. But, perhaps because he felt it too deeply, he says nothing of the more flagrant plagiarism in La Cuisinière Bourgeoise, which was addressed solely and entirely to the bourgeois of mediocre fortune, and so scored heavily; while, remembering Massialot, the author, with a stroke of genius denied to Marin, incorporated the idea in his title, an advertisement in itself. La Cuisinière Bourgeoise appeared only six years after Les Dons de Comus, but in the competition that followed Marin was eclipsed. Even

Mrs. Glasse's Art of Cookery, credited with the greatest sale of any book in the English language, was left far behind. M. Vicaire gives forty editions, and yet he does not know three out of my five. Studied under the last Bourbons, it was popular during the first Republic — An VI de la République is the date in one of my copies; familiarly quoted by the Romanticists of 1830, the demand for it had not ceased in 1866, when the last edition I know of was issued. It was one of the first cookery books that appealed primarily to the people, and the people responded by buying it during a hundred years and more.

Even after praise of simplicity was in every mouth, there were relapses. Thus, Menon, who wrote also a Maître d'Hôtel Confiseur (1788, my edition, the second), denounces the old elaborate edifices of pastry and sugar, overloaded with ornament and grotesque in design, only to evolve, out of the same materials, gardens with trees and urns, or classical balustrades with figures of Diana, Apollo, and Æneas, or temples of Circe, with Ulysses, pigs and all. "Quel agréable coup d'œil!" he exclaims in ecstasy, "quel gout! Quelle aimable symétrie!" But it was just such masterpieces, just such exceptions to

the new rule, that encouraged French physicians in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries to write on food from the hygienic point of view, as Bruyerin already had in Latin, and Castor Durante in Italian. La Varenne and Marin, Menon and Massialot, did not bother about sovereign powders and patent pills in the way of English writers on cookery. It was left to doctors to dogmatize on their own art, and lay down the rules for "rhubarb and sobriety." Louis Lemery, physician to Louis XIV., published in 1702 a Traité des Aliments, dedicated to M. Boudin, physician to the Dauphin, a treatise translated into English, and, in the translation, passing through several editions. In 1743, Bruzen de la Martinières translated the old verses on the medical properties of meat and drink by John of Milan, a doctor, changing the title of the earlier translations, L'Art de se passer de Médecin, into the more literally true L'Art de Conserver sa Santé. In 1789, Jourdain Le Cointe published La Cuisine de Santé, a large book in three volumes, revised by a fellow physician of Montpelier, and, could Le Cointe have had his way, France would have been as barren of sauces as England in Voltaire's epigram. All these books I have, and I am not sure that I ought not to count

with them M. de Blegny's Bon Usage du Thé, du Caffé et du Chocolat (1687), since its end was the preservation of health and the cure of disease. De Blegny was Conseiller Médecin Artiste ordinaire du Roy et de Monsieur, and his book, charmingly illustrated in the fashion of the old Herbals, is dedicated to Messieurs les Docteurs en Médecine des Facultés Provincialles et Etrangères practiquant à la Cour et à Paris. If the French have got over the fancy that coffee and chocolate are medicines, throughout the provinces in France tea is still the drink that cures, not cheers.

It is as well the books of the nineteenth century do not enter into my present scheme. There would be too much to say of the new development in the literature of cookery that began toward the end of the eighteenth, with Grimod de la Reynière, the Ruskin of the kitchen. A new era opened with his Almanach des Gourmands; a new school of writers was inaugurated, which, before it was exhausted, had counted Brillat Savarin, the Marquis de Cussy, and Dumas Père among its masters.

In the books of other countries my poverty is more marked. I have but two or three German works, none of special note. I have nothing American earlier than

1805, but then comes an irresistible little volume bristling with patriotism, proclaiming independence in its very cakes. I have nothing Hungarian, Russian, Portuguese, or Dutch. A manuscript Romany cookery book, compiled by Mr. Leland, the Romany Rye, makes up as a curiosity for many omissions. The only other country with a definite cookery literature that contributes to my shelves is Spain, and that, merely to the extent of a dozen volumes. These are spoils brought home by my husband from a tour of the old bookshops of Madrid and Toledo. Few of my treasures do I prize more than the Arte de Cocina, though it is in the fifteenth edition, with the date on the title-page provokingly effaced. The first edition was published in 1617, and its author was Francisco Martinez Montiño, Cocinero Mayor del Rey — this particular Rey being none other than Philip IV. Here, then, you may learn what the Spaniard ate in the days when Velasquez painted. As yet, the facts I have gleaned are few, my Spanish being based chiefly on that comprehensive first phrase in Meisterschaft, which, though my passport through Spain, can hardly carry me through Spanish literature. I can make out enough, however, to discover that Montiño, in the fashion of the

Italian writers of the Renaissance, supplies menus for great occasions, but that he had not forestalled the French in writing with method. His book is a hodge-podge, Portuguese, English, German, and Moorish dishes thrown together anyhow, the whole collection ending unexpectedly with a soup. But his pious Laus Deo on the last page covers many sins, and his index shows a desire for the system he did not know how to achieve. No less interesting is the Nuevo Arte de Cocina, by Juan Altimiras. Thanks, I suppose, to the law of compensation, while my Montiño is in the fifteenth edition, my copy of Altimiras is dated 1760, though M. Vicaire knows none earlier than 1791. It has the attraction, first, of vellum covers with leather strings still in condition to be tied, and, next, of an edifying dedication to San Diego de Alcala, — Santo Mio is the author's familiar manner of address, and he makes the offering from the affectionate heart of one who hopes to enjoy the saint's company some day in heaven. After this, it is not surprising that the work should have been approved by high officials in the king's kitchen, and that a point is made of Lenten dishes and monastic menus.

My remaining Spanish books, in comparison, seem com-

NUEVO ARTE
DE COCINA,
SACADO
DE LA ESCUELA
DE LA EXPERIENCIA
ECONOMICA.

SU AUTOR
JUAN ALTIMIRAS.
DEDICALE
A SAN DIEGO DE ALCALA

EN MADRID.

Por Antonio Perez de Soto. Año de 1760.

A expenſas de Don Pedro Joſeph Alonſo y Padilla, Librero de Camara del Rey, donde ſe hallará.

monplace. There is a little Arte de Reposteria, by Juan de la Mata, Madrid, 1791, a small quarto in vellum covers that gives a whole chapter to the Aguas Heladas de Frutas, still one of the joys of Spain, and a recipe for Gazpachos, still one of its wonders. There is the Disertacion en Recomendacion y Defensa del Famoso Vino Malagueño Pero Ximen, Malaga, 1792, with a wood-engraved frontispiece that looks like the beginning of the now familiar cigar-box labels. But the other big and little volumes are of too late a date for my present purposes. Many are translations of the French books of 1830, and they reproduce even the lithographs and other illustrations published in the original works.

Of course, it will be understood that I write solely of the books in my own collection, which I am not foolish enough to represent as exhaustive. Indeed, if I were, M. Vicaire's Bibliography would betray me at once. But for the collector the evil hour is when, folding his hands, he must admit his task completed. As long as there are gaps on my shelves, life will still hold the possibility of emotion.

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NOTE

It will be understood, of course, that I do not aim at an exhaustive Bibliography. I have attempted nothing more ambitious than a list of my own books, and even that within limits. I have thought it better, and more in keeping with the text, to bring it no further down than to the end of the Eighteenth Century. For this reason, I have omitted Eighteenth Century books that I have only in Nineteenth Century editions, and also modern reprints of early MSS. I have made an exception in favor of Grimod de la Reynière's Almanach des Gourmands, simply because it marks the beginning of the new period, and helps to explain the limits I have deliberately set myself. Some day, I may be able to make as worthy a record of my Nineteenth Century books.

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DE

RE CIBARIA

LIBRI XXII

OMNIVM CIBORVM genera, omnium gentium moribus, & vsu probata complectentes,

Io. Bruyerino Campegio Lugdun authore.

PRIMA EDITIO.

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Cum Priuilegio Regio.

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ITALIAN

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tavole fornir palazzi, & ornar camere per ogni gran Prēcipe. Opera assai bella, e molto Bisognevole à maestri di Casa, à Scalchi à Credenzieri, & à Cuochi. Composta per M. Christofaro di Messibugo & hora di novo stampata, con la sua Tavola ordinata, ove agevolmente si trovar a ogni cosa.

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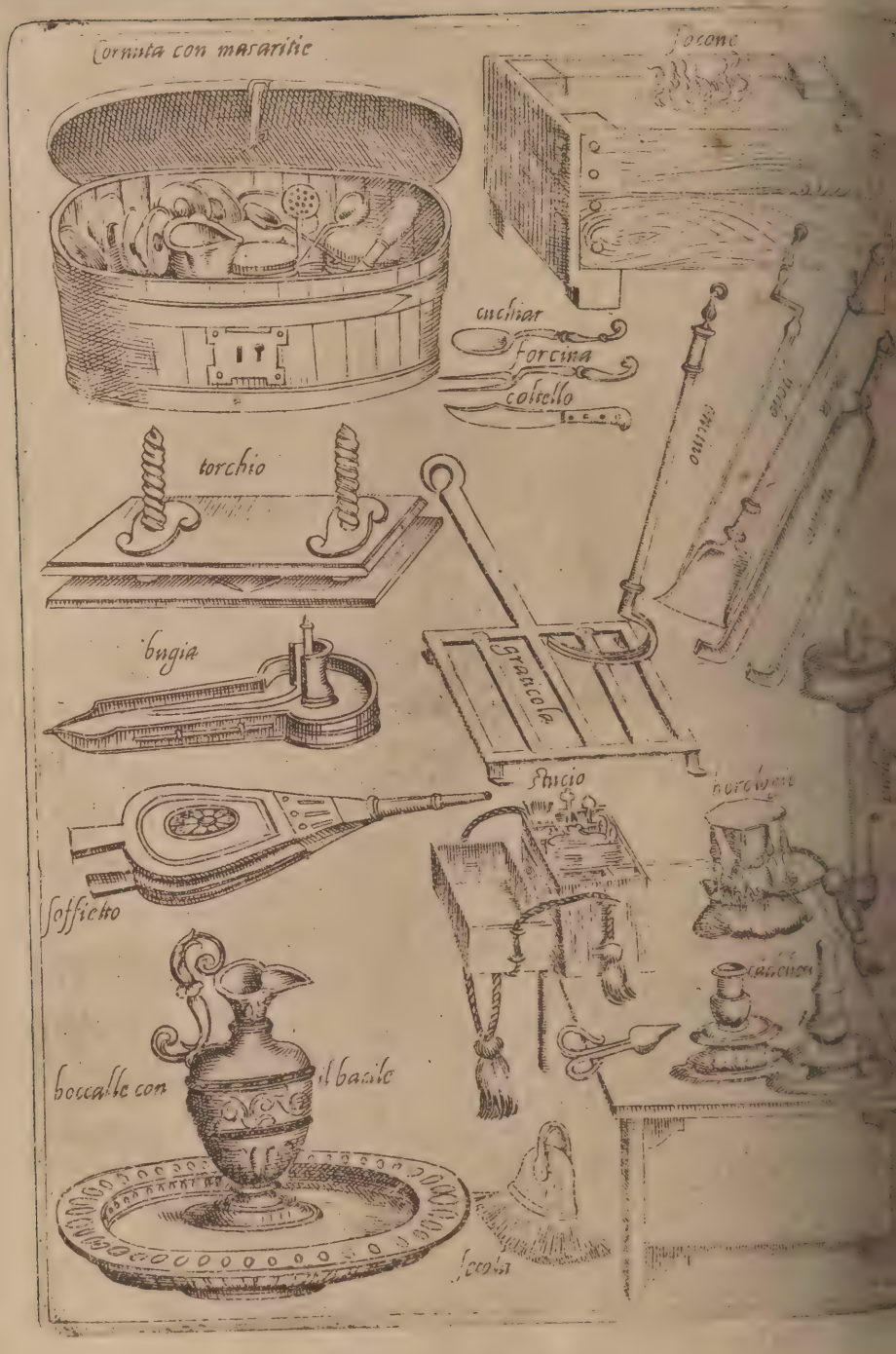
Cornuta con masaritie
Focone
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torchio
bugia
Grancola
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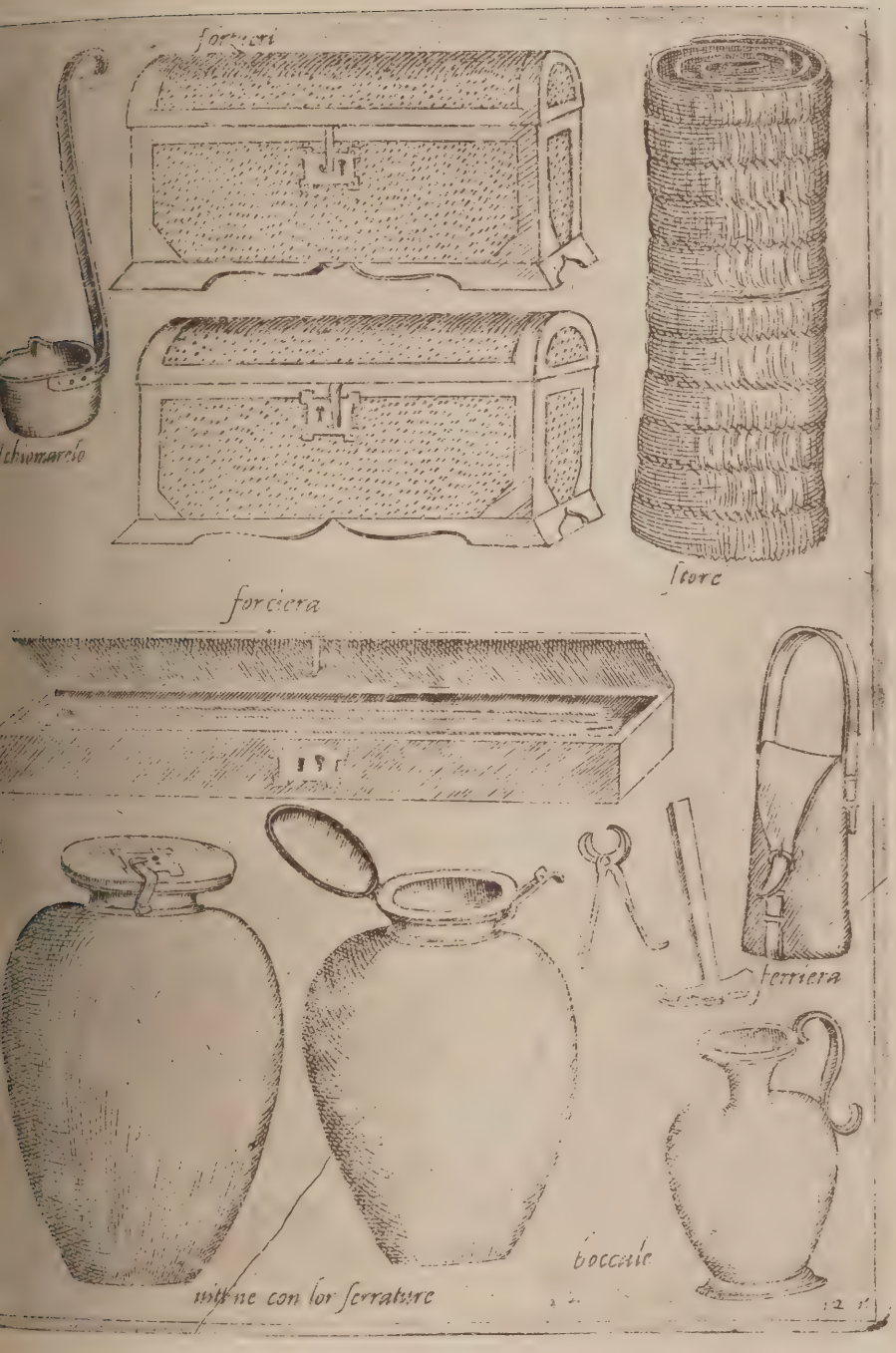
forcieri
chiumarsio
forciera
fiore
ferriera
boccale
mitone con lor ferrature

rale che fu fatto nelle essequie di Papa Paulo III. Con le figure che fanno bisogno nella cucina, & alli Reverendissimi nel Conclave. First Edition.

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ROMOLI, DOMENICO.

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In Venetia, Appresso Lucio Spineda. 1605. 8vo, in old vellum. Title, sub-title, Dedication, Table of Contents, etc., 8 leaves + pp. 324. On inserted leaf, inscription: "Il Tesoro Sanità. To Mrs. Joseph Pennell, with kind regards of Chas. G. Leland, etc., etc."

CERVIO, VINCENZO.

Il Trinciante Di M. Vincenzo Cervio, Ampliato et A Perfettione ridotto dal Cavalier Reale Fusoritto da Narni, Già Trinciante dell' Illustrissimo & Reverendissimo Signor Cardinal Farnese, & al presente dell' Illustriss. Signor Cardinal Mont'alto. Con diverse aggiunte fatte dal Cavalier Reale, & dall' istesso in questa ultima Impressione, aggiuntovi nel fine un breve Dialogo detto il Mastro di Casa, per governo d' una Casa di qual si voglia Principe con li Offitialinecessarij, utile & giovevole à ogni Cortigiano.

Con Privilegio del Sommo Pontefice, e Licenza de' Superiori Ad Istanza di Giulio Burchioni. In Roma. Nella Stampa del Gabbia. 1593. 4to, in old vellum. My copy incomplete to page 14. In all, pp. 162. At the end, *Registro.* + *A B C D E F G H I K L. Tutti sono quaderni, eccetto che è duerno, & I terno, & K duerno. In Roma. Nella Stampa del Gabbia.* 1593. On inserted leaf, inscription: "Presented to Mrs. Joseph Pennell, With kindest regards of Charles G. Leland. Florence May 26th 1898."

MAGRI, DOMENICO.

Virtu Del Kafe Bevanda Introdotta Nuovamente Nell' Italia. Con alcune osservationi per conservar la sanità nella vecchiaia. All' Eminentissimo Signor Cardinal Brancacci. Seconda Impressione Con aggiunta del medesimo Autore.

In Roma Per Michele Hercole. Con licenza de' Superiori. A spese di Giovanni Casone, all' Insegna di S. Paolo. 1671. 4to, unbound. Pp. 16. The name of the author appears only on page 9.

DE LA VARENNE, FRANÇOIS PIERRE.

Il Cuoco Francese Ove è Insegnata La maniera di condire ogni sorte di Vivande, E di fare ogni sorte di Pasticcierie, e di Confetti, Conforme le quattro Stagion dell' Anno. Per il Signor De La Varenne Cuoco Mag-

giore Del Sig. Marches. D'Uxelles, Trasportato Nuovamente dal Francese all' Italiana favella.

In Venetia. Per Lorenzo Baseggio. Con Lice. de' Sup. 1703. 12mo, in vellum. Title and Table of Contents, 12 leaves + pp. 420. On inserted leaf, the inscription: "To Mrs. J. Pennell, With kindest regards of Charles G. Leland. Florence. March 28th 1897. Entirely bound by the donor! A curious and very rare work from old sources. It contains valuable recipes in sweets, e.g. how to candy violets and other flowers." On second inserted leaf: "Fon tiro kamlo Kako, se akovo delaben C. G. L."

LEONARDI, FRANCESCO.

Il Pasticciere All' Uso Moderno, E Sul Gusto Del Presente Secolo Dato in Luce Da Francesco Leonardi, Gia' Cuoco di Sua Maesta' Caterina II. Imperatrice di tutte le Russie.

In Firenze. Presso Giuseppe Luchi in Faccia al Fisco. Con Approvazione, 1797. 12mo, in parchment by Mr. Leland. Pp. 272. On inserted leaf, the inscription: "Mrs. J. Pennell, with kindest regards of Charles G. Leland, etc."

LEONARDI, FRANCESCO.

Apicio Moderno Di Francesco Leonardi. Edizione Seconda, Revista, Corretta, ed Accresciuta Dall' Autore.

In Roma. Nella Stamperia del Giunchi, presso Carlo Mordacchini. Con Approvazione. 1807. 6 vols. 8vo, in parchment by Mr. Leland. In Vol. I: Title page, Preface, etc., pp. LVIII. + pp. 296. On inserted leaf, the inscription: "To Mrs. Joseph Pennell, With kindest regards of Charles G. Leland, as a seasonable Christmas offering. Florence Dec. 25, 1897."

LEONARDI, FRANCESCO.

Gianina ossia La Cuciniera Delle Alpi, Di Francesco Leonardi.

Roma. Con Licenza de' Superiori. Date blotted out in my copy. 3 vols. 8vo, in parchment, with illuminated lettering on back, by Mr. Leland. In Vol. I: pp. 319. On inserted leaf, the inscription: "To Mrs. Joseph Pennell with kind regards of Charles Godfrey Leland. Florence, Feb. 13. 1899, etc."

FRENCH

DE LA VARENNE, FRANÇOIS PIERRE.

Le Cuisinier François. Enseignant la Maniere de bien apprester et assaisonner toutes sortes de Viandes grasses & maigres, Legumes, Patisseries, & autres mets qui se servent tant sur les Tables des Grands que des particuliers. Avec Une instruction pour faire des Confitures: Et des Tables necessaires. Par le Sieur De La

LE CUISINIER FRANÇOIS.

ENSEIGNANT LA MANIERE de bien appreſter & aſſaiſonner toutes ſortes de Viandes graſſes & maigres, Legumes, Patiſſeries, & autres mets qui ſe ſervent tant ſur les Tables des Grands que des particuliers.

Avec

Vne inſtruction pour faire des Confitures:
Et des Tables neceſſaires.

Par le Sieur
DE LA VARENNE
Eſcuyer, &c.

Derniere Edition augmentée & corrigée.

A LA HAYE,

Chez ADRIAN VLACQ,
M. DC. LVI.

Varenne, Escuyer, &c. Derniere Edition augmentée & corrigée.

A la Haye, Chez Adrian Vlacq, 1656. 12mo, old calf. Title, Dedication, Tables, 5 leaves + pp. 426 + Table Générale, 14 leaves. Bound up in same volume 78 leaves of blank paper.

DE LA VARENNE, FRANÇOIS PIERRE.

Le Vray Cuisinier Francois. Enseignant La Manière de bien apprester et assaisonner toutes sortes de Viandes, grasses et maigres, Légumes et Patisseries en perfection, etc., Augmentée d'un nouveau Confiturier, qui apprend à bien faire toutes sortes de Confitures, tant seches que liquides, de Compostes, de Fruits, de Dragées, Breuvages délicieux, & autres délicatesses de bouche. Le Maistre d'Hostel Et le Grand Ecuyer-Tranchant, Ensemble d'une Table Alphabétique des Matières qui sont traitées dans tout le Livre. Par le Sieur De La Varenne, Ecuyer de Cuisine de Monsieur le Marquis d'Uxelles. Nouvelle Edition.

A Amsterdam, Chez Pierre Mortier, Libraire sur le Vygendam, à la ville de Paris. No date, but attributed to from 1690 to 1715 by Vicaire. 12mo, old vellum. Frontispiece, engraving on copper of a kitchen. Title, Preface, and Tables, 11 leaves + pp. 380 + Table Alphabétique, 2 leaves. 18 illustrations.

DE BLEGNY.

Le Bon Usage Du Thé du Caffé et Du Chocolat Pour la Preservation & pour la guerison des Maladies. Par Mr. De Blegny, Conseiller, Medecin Artiste ordinaire du Roy & de Monsieur, & préposé par ordre de sa Majesté, à la Recherche & Verification des nouvelles découvertes de Medecine.

A Paris, Chez Estienne Michallet, rue S. Jacques, à l'Image S. Paul. Avec Approbation et privilege du Roy. 1687. 12mo, old calf. Frontispiece, engraving on copper. Title, Dedication, etc., 11 leaves + pp. 358 + Table des Chapitres, 2 leaves. 12 engravings by Hainzelman.

LEMERY, LOUIS.

Traité des Aliments, où l'on trouve Par Ordre et Separément La difference & le choix qu'on doit faire de chacun d'eux en particulier; les bons & les mauvais effets qu'ils peuvent produire; les principes en quoy ils abondent; le temps, l'âge & le temperament où ils convicanent. Avec des Remarques à la suite de chaque Chapitre, où l'on explique leur nature & leurs usages, suivant les principes Chymiques, & Méchaniques. Par M. Louis Lemery, Docteur Regent en la Faculté de Méde-

Pots a preparer le Thé.

cine de Paris, de l'Académie Royale des Sciences. First Edition.

A Paris, Chez J. B. Cusson et P. Witte, rue S. Jacques, au Nom de Jésus & au Bon Pasteur, vis à vis la rue du Plâtre. Avec Approbations & Privilege du Roy. 1702. Small 8vo, old calf. Titles, Dedication, Preface, etc., 28 leaves + pp. 541 + Extrait du Registre, etc., 1 leaf.

MASSIALOT.

Le Nouveau Cuisinier Royal et Bourgeois; Qui Apprend a Ordonner Toute sorte de Repas en gras & en maigre, & la meilleure maniere des Ragoûts les plus délicats & les plus à la mode, & toutes sortes de Patisseries: avec des nouveaux desseins de Tables. Ouvrage tres-utile dans les Familles, aux Maîtres d'Hotels & Officiers de Cuisine.

A Paris. Chez Claude Prudhomme, au Palais, au sixieme Pilier de la Grand' Salle, vis-à-vis l'Ecalier de la Cour des Aides, à la Bonne-Foy couronnée. Avec Privilege du Roy. 1714. 2 vols. (Vol. II of my copy missing). Small 8vo, old calf. Title, Preface, etc., 4 leaves + pp. 491 + Table des Mets, 11 leaves. 11 Plates.

INSTRUCTION, NOUVELLE.

Nouvelle Instruction Pour les Confitures, Les Liqueurs,

et les Fruits: Où l'on apprend à confire toute sorte de Fruits, tant secs que liquides, & divers Ouvrages de Sucre qui sont du fait des Officiers & Confiseurs; avec la manière de bien ordonner un Fruit. Suite du Nouveau Cuisinier Royal et Bourgeois, également utile aux Maîtres-d'Hotels, & dans les Familles, pour sçavoir ce qu'on sert de plus à la mode dans les Repas. Nouvelle Edition, revue, corrigée & beaucoup augmentée. Avec de nouveaux Desseins de Table.

A Paris, Chez Claude Prudhomme, au Palais, au sixieme Pilier de la Grand' Salle, vis-à-vis l'Escalier de la Cour des Aides, à la Bonne-Foy couronnée. Avec Privilege du Roy. 1716. Small 8vo, old calf. Title, Preface, and Table, 6 leaves + pp. 464 + Table des Matières, Approbation, etc., 13 leaves. 3 plates.

LIGER, LOUIS (Attributed to).

Le Menage des Champs et de la Ville; ou nouveau Cuisinier François, Accommodé au goût du Tems. Contenant tout ce qu'un parfait Chef de Cuisine doit sçavoir pour servir toutes sortes de tables, depuis celles des plus grands Seigneurs jusqu'à celles des bons Bourgeois, avec une instruction pour faire toutes sortes de Patisseries, confitures séches & liquides, & toutes les différentes

liqueurs qui sont aujourd'hui en usage. Nouvelle Edition.

A Paris, Chez Christ. David, Libraire-Imprimeur, rue S. Jacq. près la Fontaine S. Séverin, au Nom de Jesus. Avec Privilège du Roi. 1739. 8vo, half calf. Title, Preface, Table, etc., 6 leaves + pp. 473 + Table des Matières, 4 leaves. On inside of cover, book plate of "Walter Charles James."

DICTIONAIRE DES ALIMENS.

Dictionaire des Alimens, Vins et Liqueurs, Leur Qualités, Leurs Effets, relativement aux différens ages, & aux différens tempéramens; Avec La Manière de les Apprêter, Ancienne et Moderne, Suivant la méthode des plus habiles Chefs-d'Office & Chefs de Cuisine, de la Cour, & de la Ville. Ouvrage très-utile dans toutes les familles. Par M. C. D. Chef de Cuisine de M. le Prince de * * *

A Paris. Chez Gissey, rue de la Vieille Bouclerie. Bordelet, rue Saint Jacques. Avec Approbation & Privilège du Roi. On page xxviii, *De l'Imprimerie de Gissey.* 1750. 3 vols. 12mo, old calf. In Vol. I, Titles, Preface, etc., pp. xxviii + pp. 538 + Approbation, etc., 1 leaf. On inserted leaf, the inscription: "To Mrs. J. Pennell this book is presented with the kindest regards of her uncle: Charles G. Leland. Florence, Sept. 27, 1901."

ECOLE DE SALERNE, L'.

L'Art de Conserver Sa Santé, Composé par L'Ecole de Salerne. Traduction nouvelle en Vers François, Par Mr. B. L. M.

A Paris, Par la Compagnie des Libraires. 1753. 8vo, in boards. Pp. 104 + Table, 2 leaves. My copy bound up with "La Cochliopérie," 1808.

MARIN.

Les Dons de Comus, ou L'Art de la Cuisine, Réduit en Pratique, Nouvelle Edition, Revue, corrigée & augmentée par l'Auteur.

A Paris, Chez Pissot, Libraire, Quai de Conti, à la Croix d'Or, à la descente du Pont Neuf, au coin de la Rue de Nevers. Avec Approbation et Privilège du Roi. 1758. 3 vols. 12mo, old calf. Frontispiece engraving on copper by Le Bas. In Vol. I: Avis and Preface, pp. xlviii + pp. 490.

CHAMBRAY, G. DE.

L'Art de Cultiver les Pommiers, les Poiriers, et de Faire des Cidres Selon l'usage de la Normandie. Par M. le Marquis de Chambray.

A Paris, Chez Ganeau, rue Saint-Séverin, près l'Eglise, aux armes de Dombes & à Saint-Louis. Avec Permission. 1765.

L'ART
DE CONSERVER
SA SANTÉ,
COMPOSÉ PAR
L'ÉCOLE DE SALERNE.

Traduction nouvelle
EN VERS FRANÇOIS,
PAR MR. B. L. M.

A PARIS.
Par la Compagnie des LIBRAIRES.

M. DCC. LIII

Small 8vo, old calf. Title and Preface, 2 leaves + pp. 66 + Approbation, 1 leaf. Bound up with my copy, "Mémoire sur les Pommes de Terre, par M. Mustel," *Rouen, de l'Imprimerie de la Veuve Besongne*, 1767; "Lettre. . . . Au sujet de la Culture des Pommes de Terre," *Rouen, Chez Et. Vinc. Machuel*, 1770; "Traité sur L'Acacia," *Bordeaux, Chez les Frères Labottiere*, 1762; and "L'Art de Cultiver les Peupliers d'Italie," *Paris, Chez la Veuve d'Houry*, 1762.

CUISINIERE BOURGEOISE, LA.

La Cuisiniere Bourgeoise, Suivie de L'Office. A l'usage de tous ceux qui se mêlent de dépenses de Maisons. Contenant la maniere de disséquer, connoître & servir toutes sortes de Viandes, Nouvelle Edition. Augmentée de plusieurs ragoûts des plus nouveaux, & de différentes Recettes pour les Liqueurs.

A Paris, Chez P. Guillaume Cavelier, Libraire, Rue S. Jacques, au Lys d'Or. 1777. 8vo, old calf. Title and Preface, 2 leaves + pp. 418.

CUISINIERE BOURGEOISE, LA.

La Cuisinière Bourgeoise, Suivie de l'Office, a L'Usage de Tous Ceux Qui Se Mélent de Dépenses de Maisons. Contenant la manière de connoître, disséquer & servir toutes sortes de viandes; des avis intéressans sur leur

bonté & sur le choix qu'on en doit faire. La façon de faire des Menus pour les quatre Saisons, & des Ragoûts des plus nouveaux; une explication de termes propres & à l'usage de la Cuisine & de l'Office; & une Liste alphabétique des ustensiles qui y sont nécessaires. Nouvelle Edition, augmentée de plusieurs apprêts qui sont marqués par une Etoile.

A Bruxelles, Chez François Foppens, Imprimeur Libraire. 1779. 2 vols. 8vo, paper covers. In Vol. I: Avertissement, Explication, etc. Pp. xxiv + pp. 320.

CUISINIERE BOURGEOISE, LA.

La Cuisinière Bourgeoise, [etc. Title the same as in 1777 edition.]

A Paris, Chez les Libraires Associés. 1786. 8vo, old calf. Title and Preface, 3 leaves + pp. 372.

CUISINIERE BOURGEOISE, LA.

La Cuisinière Bourgeoise, [etc. Title same as in 1777 edition.]

A Paris, Chez André, Imprimeur-Libraire, rue de la Harpe, No. 477. An VI de la Republique. 8vo, paper boards, with title on back in illuminated lettering by Mr. Leland. Pp. 408. On leaf inserted, the inscription: "To Mrs. Joseph Pennell,

LA
CUISINIERE
BOURGEOISE,
SUIVIE
DE L'OFFICE.

A l'uſage de tous ceux qui ſe mêlent de dépenſes de Maiſons.

Contenant la maniere de dépéquer, connoître & ſervir toutes ſortes de Viandes,

NOUVELLE EDITION.

Augmentée de pluſieurs ragoûts des plus nouveaux, & de différentes Recettes pour les Liqueurs.

A PARIS,

Chez P. GUILLAUME CAVELIER, Libraire, Rue S. Jacques, au Lys d'Or.

M. DCC. LXXVII.

with love of Uncle Charles G. Leland; Florence, April 24, 1902. A good clean copy of the Standard French Cook-book — the Preface is extremely clever."

CUISINIERE BOURGEOISE, LA.

La Cuisinière Bourgeoise [etc. — same title as 1777 edition, to] Dernière Edition, Augmentée de plusieurs ragoûts des plus nouveaux, et de différentes recettes pour les liqueurs, avec une explication par ordre alphabétique, des termes en usage pour la Cuisine et l'Office.

A Lyon, Chez Amable Leroy, Imprimeur-Libraire. 1802. 8vo, in paper boards. Title and Preface, pp. vi + pp. 384. On inserted leaf, the inscription: "To Mrs. Joseph Pennell, with kind regards of Charles G. Leland, Florence, May 28, 1897."

MENON.

La Science du Maître D'Hôtel, Confiseur, a L'Usage des Officiers, Avec des Observations Sur la connoissance & les propriétés des Fruits. Enrichie de Desseins en Décorations & Parterres pour les Desserts. Suite du Maître d'Hôtel Cuisinier. Nouvelle Edition, revue et corrigée.

A Paris. Par la Compagnie des Libraires associés. Avec Approbation et Privilege du Roi. At the end, *De l'Imprimerie*

de Valleyre jeune. 1788. 8vo, in old calf. Title and Preface, pp. x + Premier Plan, etc., 1 leaf + pp. 525 + Tables, 13 leaves. 5 plates.

MENON.

La Science du Maître-D'Hôtel Cuisinier, Avec Des Observations sur la Connoissance & les propriétés des Alimens. Nouvelle Edition, revue et corrigée.

A Paris, Chez Les Libraires Associés. Avec Approbation et Privilege du Roi. 1789. 8vo, in old calf. Title and Dissertation Préliminaire, pp. xxiv + pp. 554.

LE COINTE, JOURDAN.

La Cuisine de Santé, Ou Moyens faciles & économiques de préparer toutes nos Productions Alimentaires de la manière la plus délicate & la plus salutaire, d'après les nouvelles découvertes de la Cuisine Françoise & Italienne. Par M. Jourdain le Cointe, Docteur en Médecine; revu par un Practicien de Montpellier. Ouvrage destiné à l'instruction des Gens de l'Art, à l'amusement des Amateurs & particulièrement à la conservation de la Santé.

A Paris, Chez Briand, Libraire, Hotel de Villiers, rue Pavée Saint-André-des-Arts. 1789. 3 vols. 8vo, half calf. In Vol. I: pp. 465. 1 plate.

REYNIERE, GRIMOD DE LA.

Almanach des Gourmands, ou Calendrier Nutritif Servant de Guide dans les Moyens de Faire Excellente Chère; Suivi de l'Itinéraire d'un Gourmand dans divers quartiers de Paris, et de quelques Variétés morales, nutritives, Anecdotes gourmandes, etc. Par un Vieux Amateur. Seconde Edition revue et corrigée.

A Paris. Chez Maradan, rue Pavée-Saint-André-des-Arts. No. 16. An XI. — 1803. 8 Vols. — from 1803 to 1812; in 1809, no number was published. 8vo, paper covers. In Vol. I: Title, Avis, etc., pp. viii + pp. 247. On inserted leaf, the inscription in verse: —

Autolyc Soul! above brunette or blondness,
Fondest of food, and fittest food for fondness,
Who dost with thy divinely greedy art
Win that within that 's underneath the heart,
Accept — it leaves thee still my liver's creditor —
This grace of greed from thy eupeptic Editor.
H. C.

REYNIERE, GRIMOD DE LA.

Manuel des Amphitryons; contenant un Traité de la Dissection des viandes à table, la Nomenclature des Menus les plus nouveaux pour chaque saison, et des Elémens de Politesse gourmande. Ouvrage indispensable à tous ceux qui sont jaloux de faire bonne chère,

et de la faire faire aux autres; Orné d'un grand nombre de Planches gravées en taille-douce. Par l'Auteur de l'Almanach des Gourmands.

A Paris, Chez Capelle et Renand, Libraires-Commissionnaires, rue J. J. Rousseau. 1808. 8vo, old calf. Frontispiece, etching. Pp. 384. 16 etched plates. Inside the cover, the book plate of "Albert F. Sieveking."

ENGLISH

MARKHAM, GERVASE.

The English Housewife. Containing The inward and outward Vertues which ought to be in a compleate Woman. As her skill in Physicke, Surgery, Cookery, Extraction of Oyles, Banqueting stuffe, Ordering of great Feasts, Preserving of all sorts of Wines, Conceited Secrets, Distillations, Perfumes, ordering of Wooll, Hempe, Flax, making Cloth, and Dying, the knowledge of Dayries, office of Malting, of Oates, their excellent uses in a Family, of Brewing, Baking, and all other things belonging to an Houshold. A Worke generally approved, and now the fourth time much augmented, purged and made most profitable and necessary for all men, and the generall good of this Kingdome. By G. M.

THE ENGLISH HOVSE-VVIFE.

CONTAINING

The inward and outward Vertues which ought to be in a compleate Woman.

As her skill in Physicke, Surgery, Cookery, Extraction of Oyles, Banqueting stuffe, Ordering of great Feasts, Preseruing of all sorts of Wines, Conceited *Secrets, Distillations, Perfumes, ordering of Wooll,* Hempe, Flax, making Cloth, and Dying, the knowledge of Dayries, office of Malting, of Oates, their excellent vses in a Family, of Brewing, Baking, and all other things belonging to an Houshold.

A Worke generally approued, and now the fourth time much augmented, purged and made most profitable and necessary for all men, and the generall good of this Kingdome.

By G. *M.*

LONDON.
Printed by *Nicholas Okes* for IOHN HARTSON, and are to be sold at his shop at the signe of the golden Vnicorne in Pater. noster-row 1631.

London. Printed by Nicholas Okes for John Harison, and are to be sold at his shop at the signe of the golden Unicorne in Pater-noster-row. 1631. 4to, half calf. Title, Dedication, Table, 5 leaves + pp. 252.

DELIGHTES FOR LADIES.

Delightes for Ladies, to Adorne their Persons, Tables, Closets and Distillatories: With Beauties, Banquets, Perfumes and Waters. Read, practise, and censure.

London, Printed by R. Y. and are to bee sold by James Boler. 1632. 12mo, old vellum. 96 leaves. Each page with a decorative border cut on wood. Title page of my copy much defaced. Bound in same volume,

CLOSET FOR LADIES, A.

A Closet for Ladies and Gentlewomen. Or, the Art of preserving, Conserving, and Candying. With the manner how to make divers kindes of Sirups, and all kinde of banqueting stuffes. Also divers soveraigne Medicines and Salves for Sundry Diseases.

London, Printed by John Haviland. 1632. 96 leaves. The pages also with decorative border.

MUFFETT, THOMAS.

Healths Improvement: or, Rules Comprizing and Dis-

covering the Nature, Method, and Manner of Preparing all sorts of Food Used in this Nation. Written by that ever Famous Thomas Muffett, Doctor in Physick: Corrected and Enlarged by Christopher Bennet, Doctor in Physick, and Fellow of the Colledg of Physitians in London.

London, Printed by Tho: Newcomb for Samuel Thomson, at the sign of the White Horse in Pauls Churchyard. 1655. 4to, modern calf. Title, Epistle, Table, pp. 8 + pp. 296.

MOFFET, THOMAS.

Health's Improvement. . . . To which is now prefix'd, A short View of the Author's Life and Writings by Mr Oldys, and An Introduction by R. James, M. D.

London; Printed for T. Osborne in Gray's-Inn, 1746. 8vo, old calf. Title, Epistle to the Reader, etc., pp. xxxii + pp. 398.

COMPLEAT COOK, THE.

The Compleat Cook. Expertly prescribing the most ready wayes, Whether, Italian, Spanish, or French. For dressing of Flesh, and Fish, Ordering of Sauces, or making of Pastry.

London: Printed for Nath. Brook at the Angel in Corn-hill, 1655. 12mo, old calf. Pp. 123 + Table, 3 leaves.

CLOSET, THE QUEEN'S.

The Queens Closet Opened. Incomparable Secrets in Physick, Chirurgery, Preserving, Candying, and Cookery; As they were presented to the Queen By the most Experienced Persons of our times, many whereof were honoured with her own practice, when she pleased to descend to these more private Recreations. Never before published. Transcribed from the true Copies of her Majesties own Receipt-Books, by W. M. one of her late servants.

Printed for Nathaniel Brook, at the Angel in Cornhill, 1655. 12mo, half calf. Title and Dedication, 6 leaves + pp. 192. Bound up with it,

DELIGHT, A QUEEN'S.

A Queen's Delight, or The Art of Preserving, Conserving, and Candying; as also A right knowledge of making Perfumes, and Distilling the most Excellent Waters. Never before published.

Printed for Nathaniel Brook, at the Angel in Cornhill. 1655. Continues pagination of Queen's Closet to 296. Table for both books, and Publisher's Advertisement, 12 leaves.

DELIGHT, A QUEEN'S.

[The same, in separate volume. Later edition.]

London, Printed for Obadiah Blagrave at the Sign of the black Bear in St. Pauls Churchyard. 1683. 12mo, modern calf. Pp. 106 + Table, 2 leaves.

CLOSET, THE QUEEN'S.

The Queen's Closet Opened. . . . Corrected and Reviewed with many New and large Additions: together with three exact Tables.

London. Printed by J. W. for Nath. Brooke, at the Angel in Gresham-College, near the Exchange in Bishops-Gate-Street. 1668. 12mo, old calf. Frontispiece, engraving on copper, portrait of Queen Henrietta Maria. Portrait, title, To the Reader, etc., 6 leaves + pp. 191.

RUTHVEN, PATRICK, LORD.

The Ladies Cabinet Enlarged and Opened: Containing Many Rare Secrets and Rich Ornaments, of several kindes, and different uses. Comprized Under three general Heads. Viz. of, 1. Preserving, Conserving, Candying, etc. 2. Physick and Chirurgery. 3. Cookery and Housewifery. Whereunto is added, Sundry Experiments and choice Extractions of Waters, Oyles, etc.

Sold by Nat: Brooke

Collected and practised; By the late Right Honorable and Learned Chymist, the Lord Ruthven. The second Edit. with Additions and A particular Table to each Part.

London, Printed by T. M. for G. Bedell and T. Collins at the middle-Temple Gate, Fleet-street. 1655. 12mo, old calf. Title, Dedication, etc., 4 leaves + pp. 252 + Table and Publisher's Advertisement, 8 leaves.

MAY, ROBERT.

The Accomplisht Cook, or the Art and Mystery of Cookery. Wherein the whole Art is revealed in a more easie and perfect Method, than hath been publisht in any Language. Expert and ready wayes for the Dressing of all sorts of Flesh, Fowl, and Fish; the Raising of Pastes; the best Directions for all manner of Kickshaws, and the most Poinant Sauces; with the Tearms of Carving and Sewing. An exact Account of all Dishes for the Season; with other A la mode Curiosities. Together with the lively Illustrations of such necessary Figures as are referred to Practice. Approved by the Fifty Years Experience and Industry of Robert May, in his Attendance on several Persons of Honour.

London. Printed by R. W. for Nath. Brooke, at the Sign of the Angel in Cornhill. 1660. 8vo, old calf. Frontispiece, portrait of Robert May. Frontispiece, Title, Dedication, etc., 16 leaves + pp. 447 + Table and Publisher's Advertisement, 7 leaves. Numerous illustrations, woodcuts, printed with the text. (In my copy, pp. 291–292 missing.)

MAY, ROBERT.

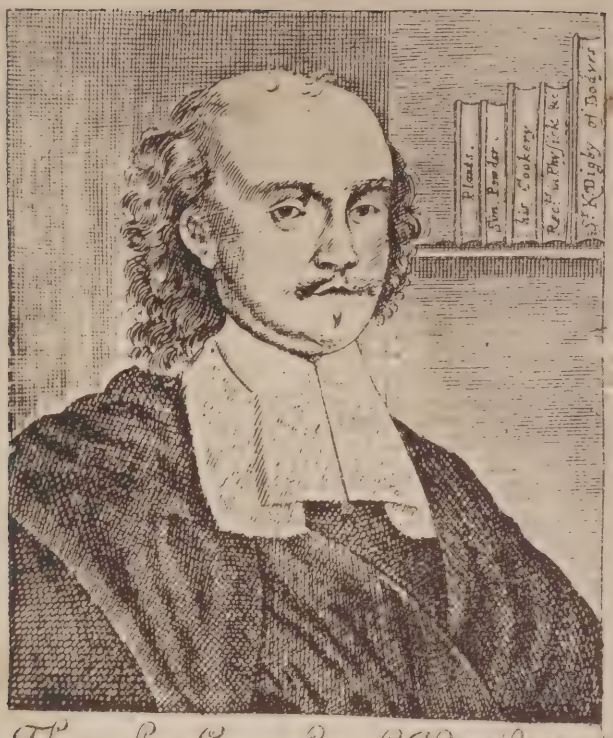
The Accomplisht Cook etc. — The Fourth Edition.

London, Printed for Obadiah Blagrave at the Bear in St Pauls Church-Yard, near the Little North-Door. 1678. 8vo, old calf. Frontispiece, same portrait. Frontispiece, Title, etc., 16 leaves + pp. 461 + Table and Publisher's Advertisement, 5 leaves. Illustrations in text and four folded plates.

DIGBY, SIR KENELM.

The Closet of the Eminently Learned Sir Kenelme Digby Kt. Opened: Whereby is Discovered Several ways for making of Metheglin, Sider, Cherry-Wine, etc. Together with Excellent Directions for Cookery: as also for Preserving, Conserving, Candying, etc. Published by his Son's Consent.

London, Printed by E. C. & A. C. for H. Brome, of the West-End of St. Paul's. 1671. 8vo, in old calf. Title and Preface, 2 leaves + pp. 251 + Table, 4 leaves. My copy follows, in



The truly Learned and Honble
Sr Kenelme Digby Kt Chancellor
to the Q: Mother
Aged 62.

Cross sculpsit

the same volume, Sir Kenelm Digby's "Receipts in Physick and Chirurgery," which has as frontispiece a portrait of the author, engraved by Gross.

RABISHA, WILL.

The whole Body of Cookery Dissected, Taught, and fully manifested, Methodically, Artificially, and according to the best Tradition of the English, French, Italian, Dutch, etc. Or, A Sympathy of all varieties in Natural Compounds in that Mysterie. Wherein is contained certain Bills of Fare for the Seasons of the year, for Feasts and Common Diets. Wherunto is annexed a Second Part of Rare Receipts of Cookery: with certain useful Traditions. With a book of Preserving, Conserving and Candying, after the most Exquisite and Newest manner: Delectable for Ladies and Gentlewomen.

London. Printed for E. Calvert, at the sign of the black Spread Eagle, at the West end of St. Pauls. 1673. 8vo, old calf. Title, Dedication, etc., 10 leaves + the Table, pp. 19, the first 12 not numbered, + pp. 289, + Note to the Reader, etc., 3 leaves.

WOOLLEY, HANNAH.

The Queen-Like Closet or Rich Cabinet.

Title-page and part of Dedication of my copy missing. 8vo, old calf. Pp. 344 + Table, Postscript, etc., 15 leaves. Followed by Supplement, or A Little of Every Thing Presented To all Ingenious Ladies and Gentlewomen, with separate title-page. *London, Printed by T. R. for Richard Lownds, and are to be Sold at the Sign of the White Lion in Duck-Lane.* 1674. Title, Dedication, etc., 6 leaves + pp. 194, but pages are missing at the end. This is one of the rarest of the Seventeenth Century books.

HARTMAN, GEORGE.

Hartman's Curiosities of Art and Nature: or The True Preserver and Restorer of Health . . . the Second Edition. *With a second part, entitled,* Excellent Directions for Cookery; Together with the Description of an Useful Engin serving for the same; and likewise for Distilling the Choicest and Best Cordial Waters. As also Select Receipts for Preserving, Conserving, and Candying, etc. With a Collection of the Choicest Receipts for making of Metheglin, Sider, Cherry-Wine, etc.

First part: Printed for A. C. at the Ring in Little Britain, Where is sold A thousand Notable Things to prevent the Plague, and all Distempers; the Way to get Wealth, and the Way to save Wealth. Second part: *London, Printed by T. B. for G. Hartman Chymist.* 1682. 8vo, old calf. Title, Dedication, etc., 8 leaves + pp. 352 + Second Part, pp. 32.

ROSE, GILES.

A perfect School of Instructions for the Officers of the Mouth: Shewing the Whole Art of A Master of the Household, A Master Carver, A Master Butler, A Master Confectioner, A Master Cook, A Master Pastryman. Being a Work of singular Use for Ladies and Gentlewomen, and all Persons whatsoever that are desirous to be acquainted with the most excellent Arts of Carving, Cookery, Pastry, Preserving, and Laying a Cloth for Grand Entertainments. The like never before extant in any Language. Adorned with Pictures curiously Ingraven, displaying the whole Arts. By Giles Rose one of the Master Cooks in His Majesties Kitchen.

London, Printed for R. Bentley and M. Magnes, III Russel-street in Covent-Garden. 1682. 8vo, old calf. Title, Dedication, etc., 12 leaves + pp. 563. Numerous illustrations, woodcuts, printed with the text. The book, "The like never before extant in any Language," is a translation of "L'Ecole Parfaite des Officiers de Bouche," from which most of the illustrations are taken.

WHOLE DUTY OF A WOMAN, THE.

The Whole Duty of a Woman: Or a Guide to the Female Sex from the Age of Sixteen to Sixty, etc. . . .

Also Choice Receipts in Physick, and Chirurgery. With the Whole Art of Cookery, Preserving, Candying, Beautifying, etc. Written by a Lady. The Third Edition.

London. Printed for J. Guillim, against the Great James Tavern in Bishopsgate-street. 1701. 12mo, old calf. Title and Preface, 3 leaves + pp. 184.

WHOLE DUTY OF A WOMAN, THE.

The Whole Duty of a Woman. . . . [Same as above.] The Eighth Edition.

London: Printed for A. Bettesworth and C. Hitch, at the Red Lyon in Pater-Noster Row; R. Ware, at the Sun and Bible, in Amen Corner; and James Hodges, at the Looking-Glass on London Bridge. 1735. 12mo, modern calf. Frontispiece, woodcut of woman at prayers and in kitchen. Title and Preface, 3 leaves + pp. 167.

KING, WILLIAM.

The Art of Cookery, In Imitation of Horace's Art of Poetry. With some Letters to Dr. Lister, and others: Occasion'd principally by the Title of a Book publish'd by the Doctor, being the Works of Apicius Coelius, Concerning the Soups and Sauces of the Antients.

With an Extract of the greatest Curiosities contain'd in that Book. To which is added, Horace's Art of Poetry, in Latin. By the Author of the Journey to London. Humbly inscrib'd to the Honourable Beef Steak Club.

London: Printed for Bernard Lintott at the Cross-Keys between the two Temple Gates in Fleet-street. No date, but about 1708. 8vo, old calf. Titles, and Publisher to the Reader, 4 leaves + pp. 160.

HOWARD, HENRY.

England's Newest way in all sorts of Cookery, Pastry, And All Pickles that are fit to be Used. Adorn'd with Copper Plates, setting forth the Manner of placing Dishes upon Tables; and the Newest Fashions of Mince-Pies. By Henry Howard, Free Cook of London, and late Cook to his Grace the Duke of Ormond, and since to the Earl of Salisbury, and Earl of Winchelsea. Likewise the best Receipts for making Cakes, Mackroons, Biskets, Ginger-bread, French-bread etc. The Second Edition with Additions and Amendments.

London, Printed for and Sold by Chr. Coningsby, at the Ink-bottle against Clifford's-Inn Back-Gate, in Fetter-Lane, Fleet-street. 1708. 8vo, old calf. Title, To the Reader, and Table, 8 leaves + pp. 156 + Publisher's Advertisement, 2 leaves.

LAMB, PATRICK.

Royal Cookery : Or The Complete Court-Cook.

Title page missing, but Advertisement at end explains it was *printed for and sold by Maurice Atkins, at the Golden-Ball in S. Paul's Church-Yard.* 1710. 8vo, old calf. Beginning imperfect. Pp. 127 + Bills of Fare, Publisher's Advertisement, 8 leaves. 22 plates, engraved on copper.

LEMERY, LOUIS.

New Curiosities in Art and Nature: or a Collection of the most Valuable Secrets in all Arts and Sciences; As appears by the Contents. Composed and Experimented by the Sieur Lemery, Apothecary to the French King. Translated into English from the Seventh Edition. Printed this last Year in French, in which is near one half more than any former Edition. Illustrated with Cuts. To which is added a Supplement by the Translator.

London: Printed for John King, at the Bible and Crown in Little-Britain; and sold by J. Morphew, near Stationers-Hall 1711. 8vo, old calf. Title, Preface, etc., 8 leaves + pp. 354 + Index, 7 leaves. 8 engravings on copper. On inside of cover, the book-plate of "William Bowen." On fly-leaf, the inscription, "To Mrs Pennell from A. S. Hartrick."

LEMERY, LOUIS.

A Treatise of All Sorts of Foods. (See French Title.) Translated by D. Hay, M. D. To which is added, An Introduction treating of Foods in general: A Table of the Chapters, and an Alphabetical Index. A Work of universal Use to all who are inclin'd to know the good or bad Qualities of what they eat or drink.

London: Printed for T. Osborne, in Gray's-Inn. 1745. 8vo, old calf. Frontispiece, engraving on copper. Frontispiece, Title, Preface, etc., pp. xii + pp. 372 + Index, 12 leaves.

HALL, T.

The Queen's Royal Cookery: Or, Expert and ready Way for the Dressing of all Sorts of Flesh, Fowl, Fish: Either Bak'd, Boil'd, Roasted, Stew'd, Fry'd, Broil'd, Hash'd, Frigasied, Carbonaded, Forc'd, Collar'd, Sous'd, Dry'd, etc. After the Best and Newest Way. With their several Sauses and Salads, etc. by T. Hall, Free Cook of London. The Second Edition.

London: Printed for G. Bates, at the Sun and Bible in Gilt-spur-Street in Pye-Corner: And A. Bettesworth, at the Red Lion on London Bridge. 1713. 8vo, old calf. Frontispiece, wood-cut, a portrait of Queen Anne above drawings of kitchen, bakery, and distillery. Pp. 180.

EALE, MARY.

Mrs Mary Eale's Receipts. Confectioner to her late Majesty Queen Anne.

London: Printed by H. Meere in Black-Fryers, and to be had at Mr Cooper's at the Three Pidgeons the lower end of Bedford-street, near the New Exchange in the Strand. 1718. 8vo, old calf. Title and Contents, 4 leaves + pp. 100.

COLLECTION, A.

A Collection Of above Three Hundred Receipts in Cookery, Physick and Surgery; For the Use of all Good Wives, Tender Mothers, and Careful Nurses. By several Hands. The Second Edition.

London, Printed for Mary Kettilby, and Sold by Richard Wilkin, at the King's Head in St. Paul's Church-Yard. 1719. 8vo, old calf. Titles and Preface, 7 leaves + pp. 86 + Index imperfect. On fly-leaf, the inscription, "Hommage to Autolycus fr Austin Dobson. 27. VII. '95"

E—S— [in later editions, E. Smith].

The Compleat Housewife; Or Accomplished Gentlewoman's Companion: Being a Collection of upwards of Five Hundred of the most approved Receipts in Cookery, Pastry, Confectionary, Preserving, Pickles, Cakes,

Creams, Jellies, Made Wines, Cordials. With Copper Plates curiously engraven for the regular Disposition or Placing the various Dishes and Courses. And Also Bills of Fare for every Month in the Year. To which is added, A Collection of near Two Hundred Family Receipts of Medicines, etc. By E. S.

London: Printed for J. Pemberton, at the Golden Buck, over-against St. Dunstan's Church in Fleet-street. 1727. 8vo, old calf. Title, Preface, Bill of Fare, Index, 16 leaves + pp. 326 + Publisher's Advertisement, 1 leaf. 6 folded plates, inserted at the end.

SMITH, E.

The Complete Housewife. . . . Being A Collection of upwards of Seven Hundred of the most approved Receipts in Cookery, Pastry, Confectionary, Potting, Collaring, Preserving, Pickles, Cakes, Custards, Creams, Preserves, Conserves, Syrups, Jellies, Made Wines, Cordials, Distilling, Brewing. . . . [As in first edition.] With Directions for Marketing. By E. Smith. The Eighteenth Edition with Additions.

London: Printed for J. Buckland, J. and F. Rivington, J. Hinton, Hawes, Clarke and Collins, W. Johnston, S. Crowder, T. Longman, B. Law, T. Lowndes, S. Bladon, W. Nicoll, and

C. and R. Ware. 1773. 8vo, old calf. Frontispiece, engraving on copper of kitchen by J. June. Title, Preface, etc., 20 leaves + pp. 400. 4 plates inserted at end.

NOTT, JOHN.

The Cooks and Confectioners Dictionary: Or the Accomplish'd Housewives Companion. Containing, 1. the choicest Receipts in all the several Branches of Cookery, etc. etc., etc. The Third Edition with Additions. Revised and Recommended by John Nott, late Cook to the Dukes of Somerset, Ormond and Bolton; Lord Lansdown and Ashburnham.

London: Printed by H. P. for Charles Rivington, at the Bible and Crown, in St. Paul's Church-yard. 1727. 8vo, old calf. Frontispiece, engraving on copper, allegory of plenty, by J. Pine. Pages not numbered. 316 leaves. On inside of title-page, the book-plate of "Charles Earl of Ailesbury."

CARTER, CHARLES.

The Compleat City and Country Cook: or Accomplish'd Housewife. Containing, Several Hundred of the most approv'd Receipts in Cookery, Confectionary, Cordials, Cosmeticks, Jellies, Pastry, Pickles, Preserving, Syrups, English Wines, etc. By Charles Carter,

Third Course

Lately Cook to his Grace, the Duke of Argyle, the Earl of Pontefract, the Lord Cornwallis, etc. . . .

London: Printed for A. Bettesworth and C. Hitch; and C. Davis in Pater-noster Row: T. Green at Charing Cross; and S. Austen in St. Paul's Church-yard. 1732. 8vo, old calf. Frontispiece, engraving on copper, plan for an "Instalment Dinner. A Table for the Ladies in a Horse Shoe Form." Title and Preface, pp. viii + pp. 280. 49 plates.

LADY'S COMPANION, THE.

The Lady's Companion: Or, an infallible Guide to the Fair Sex. Containing, Rules, Directions, and Observations, for their Conduct and Behaviour through all Ages and Circumstances of Life, as Virgins, Wives, or Widows . . . and above one thousand different Receipts in every Kind of Cookery, etc., etc., etc., The Second Edition.

London: Printed for T. Read, in Dogwell-Court, White Fryers, Fleet-Street. 1740. 8vo, old calf. Pp. 694. 10 Woodcuts printed with Text. 39 Plates.

ARNAUD, JASPER.

An Alarm to All Persons Touching their Health and Lives, etc. etc. By Jasper Arnaud, Sometime past first

Cook to the late Duke of Orleans, and now for some Time Cook in London.

London: Printed for T. Payne in Round Court in the Strand, opposite York Buildings. 1740. 8vo, half calf. Title, 1 leaf + pp. 24.

FAMILY MAGAZINE, THE.

The Family Magazine: In Two Parts. Part I, Containing Useful Directions in All the Branches of House-Keeping and Cookery etc. etc. etc. Now First communicated for the Publick Benefit.

London: Printed for J. Osborn, at the Golden-Ball in Paternoster-Row. 1741. 8vo, old calf. Title and Preface, pp. xiv + sub-title, 1 leaf + 324. 6 woodcuts in text.

PRESENT FOR A SERVANT MAID, A.

A Present for a Servant-Maid: Or the Sure Means of gaining Love and Esteem, etc. etc. The Whole calculated for making both the Mistress and Maid happy.

London: Printed and Published by T. Gardner at Cowley's Head, without Temple-Bar; and sold by the Booksellers of Town and Country. 1743. 8vo, unbound. Title, Preface, etc., 2 leaves + pp. 76.

Rob. Sheppard Sculp.
EDW. KIDDER
Paſtry-maſter.

ADAM'S LUXURY AND EVE'S COOKERY.

Adam's Luxury, and Eve's Cookery; or the Kitchen-Garden display'd. etc. etc. etc.

London: Printed for R. Dodsley, in Pall Mall; and Sold by M. Cooper, at the Globe in Pater-noster Row. 1744. 8vo, old calf. Titles and Introduction, pp. xii + pp. 216.

KIDDER, EDWARD.

E. Kidder's Receipts of Pastry and Cookery, For the Use of his Scholars. Who teaches at his School in Queen Street near St. Thomas Apostles. On Mondays, Tuesdays & Wednesdays, In the Afternoon. Also on Thursdays, Fridays & Saturdays, In the Afternoon, at his School next to Furnivals Inn in Holborn, Ladies may be taught at their own Houses

No publisher, printer, or date given. Hazlitt says it is earlier than Mrs Glasse's book, which was published in 1747. Probably about 1740. 8vo, old calf. Frontispiece, on copper, the portrait of Kidder by Rob. Sheppard. The Title, the 42 pages of Text, printed on one side only, and the 8 plates are all engraved on copper.

GLASSE, HANNAH.

The Art of Cookery, Made Plain and Easy; Which far exceeds any Thing of the Kind ever yet Published.

Containing, I. Of Roasting, Boiling, &c. II. Of Made-Dishes. III. Read this Chapter, and you will find how Expensive a French Cook's Sauce is. IV. To make a Number of pretty little Dishes fit for a Supper, or Side-Dish, and little Corner-Dishes for a great Table; and the rest you have in the Chapter for Lent. V. To dress Fish. VI. Of Soops and Broths. VII. Of Puddings. VIII. Of Pies. IX. For a Fast-Dinner, a Number of good Dishes, which you may make use for a Table at any other Time. X. Directions for the Sick. XI. For Captains of Ships. XII. Of Hog's Puddings, Sausages, &c. XIII. To Pot and make Hams, &c. XIV. Of Pickling. XV. Of Making Cakes, &c. XVI. Of Cheesecakes, Creams, Jellies, Whip Syllabubs, &c. XVII. Of Made Wines, Brewing, French Bread, Muffins, &c. XVIII. Jarring Cherries, and Preserves, &c. XIX. To Make Anchovies, Vermicella, Ketchup, Vinegar, and to keep Artichokes, French-Beans, &c. XX. Of Distilling. XXI. How to Market, and the Seasons of the Year for Butcher's Meat, Poultry, Fish, Herbs, Roots, &c. and Fruit. XXII. A certain Cure for the Bite of a Mad Dog. By Dr. Mead. By a Lady. First Edition.

London: Printed for the Author; and sold at Mrs. Ashburn's, a China-Shop Corner of Fleet-Ditch. 1747. Folio, modern morocco. Title, List of Subscribers, and Table, 8 leaves + pp. 166. Interleaved with modern paper; on the first four leaves, four newspaper clippings pasted in by G. A. Sala. Written on fly-leaf, "This is a copy of the First Edition of the famous Cookery Book written by Mrs Hannah Glasse (the authorship of which was erroneously ascribed by Dr. Johnson — see Boswell's Life — to Dr. Hill) Mrs Glasse, however, was a real personage 'Habit Maker to the Royal Family' and lived in Southampton Row, Bloomsbury — Observe in the list of Subscribers the name of Mr Glasse, attorney at law, and Mrs Glasse, Carey St. These were probably of close kindred to Hannah. Subsequent editions bear on the title page a fac-simile of H. G.'s autograph. There are (July 1876) only *Four* Copies of this First Edition (a 'pot' folio) known to be in existence, viz: One in the Library of the British Museum — One in the Bodleian Library, Oxford. One in the possession of the Rev. Richard Hooper of Upton Rectory, Didcot — and One (hic inventus adest) belonging to George Augustus Sala. 46 Mecklenburgh Square. W. C. London." Since the book has been mine, I have seen two additional copies advertised in booksellers' catalogues. I am afraid Sala had not read his "Boswell" very carefully. His reference to Dr. Johnson is not quite accurate.

GLASSE, HANNAH.

The Art of Cookery, etc. By a Lady. — The Fourth Edition with Additions.

London, Printed for the Author, and sold at the Bluecoat-Boy, near the Royal-Exchange, etc. 1751. 8vo, old calf. Frontispiece, an advertisement for Hannah Glasse, engraved on copper. The only edition with this plate. Her autograph, H. Glasse, on first page. Title, Preface, etc., 11 leaves + pp. 334.

GLASSE, HANNAH.

The Art of Cookery, etc. By a Lady. The Eighth Edition.

London: Printed for A. Millar, etc. 1763. 8vo, old calf. Her autograph, H. Glasse, on first page. Title, 1 leaf + To the Reader, pp. vi + Contents, 12 leaves + pp. 384 + Index, 12 leaves.

GLASSE, HANNAH.

The Art of Cookery, etc. By a Lady The Ninth Edition.

London Printed for A. Millar, etc. 1765. Paging same as in Eighth Edition.

GLASSE, HANNAH.

The Art of Cookery, etc. By H. Glasse

THE ART OF COOKERY,

Made PLAIN and EASY;

Which far exceeds any THING of the Kind ever yet Publiſhed.

CONTAINING,

I Of Roaſting, Boiling, *&c.*
II. Of Made-Diſhes.
III. Read this Chapter, and you will find how Expenſive a *French* Cook's Sauce is.
IV. To make a Number of pretty little Diſhes fit for a Supper, or Side-Diſh, and little Corner-Diſhes for a great Table; and the reſt you have in the Chapter for *Lent*.
V. To dreſs Fiſh.
VI. Of Soops and Broths.
VII. Of Puddings.
VIII. Of Pies.
IX. For a Faſt-Dinner, a Number of good Diſhes, which you may make uſe for a Table at any other Time.
X Directions for the Sick.
XI For Captains of Ships
XII. Of Hog's Puddings, Sauſages, *&c.*
XIII. To Pot and Make Hams, *&c.*
XIV. Of Pickling.
XV. Of Making Cakes, *&c.*
XVI. Of Cheeſecakes, Creams, Jellies, Whip Syllabubs, *&c.*
XVII. Of Made Wines, Brewing, *French* Bread, Muffins, *&c.*
XVIII. Jarring Cherries, and Preſerves, *&c.*
XIX. To Make Anchovies, Vermicella, Ketchup, Vinegar, and to keep Artichokes, French-Beans, *&c.*
XX Of Diſtilling.
XXI. How to Market, and the Seaſons of the Year for Butcher's Meat, Poultry, Fiſh, Herbs, Roots, *&c.* and Fruit.
XXII. A certain Cure for the Bite of a Mad Dog. By Dr. *Mead*.

BY A LADY.

LONDON:

Printed for the AUTHOR; and ſold at Mrs. *Aſhburn's*, a China-Shop Corner of *Fleet-Ditch*. MDCCXLVII.

[*Price* 3 s. *ſtitch'd, and* 5 s. *bound.*]

And at Mrs *Wharton's*, at the Blue-coat Boy, near the Royal Exchange.

Edinburgh: Printed for Alexander Donaldson. 1774. 8vo, old calf. Title and To the Reader, pp. vi + Contents, 9 leaves + pp. 440 + Index, 12 leaves.

GLASSE, HANNAH.

The Art of Cookery, etc.. By Mrs. Glasse. A New Edition.

London: Printed for W. Strahan, etc. 1784. 8vo, old calf. Her autograph, H. Glasse, engraved on first page. Title, 1 leaf + To the Reader, pp. iv + Index and Contents imperfect + pp. 409 + a second Index at end, 13 leaves. 1 folding plate.

GLASSE, HANNAH.

The Servants' Directory, or House-Keeper's Companion. By H. Glass, Author of the Art of Cookery made plain and easy.

London: Printed for the Author; and sold by W. Johnston in Ludgate-street; at Mrs. Wharton's, the Blue-Coat-Boys near the Royal Exchange, etc. 1760, 8vo, old calf. Title and Preface, pp. viii + List of Subscribers, 2 leaves + pp. 432.

GLASSE, HANNAH.

The Compleat Confectioner: or the Whole Art of Confectionary Made Plain and Easy, etc., etc. By H. Glasse, Author of the Art of Cookery.

London: Printed: And Sold at Mrs. Ashburner's China Shop, the Corner of Fleet Dıtch; at Yewd's Hat Warehouse, near Somerset House; at Kirk's Toyshop in St. Paul's Churchyard; at Deard's Toyshop, facing Arlington-Street, Piccadilly; etc. No date. 8vo, half calf. Her autograph, H. Glasse, engraved as signature to dedication and on first page. Title and Dedication, 2 leaves + pp. 304 + Contents, 7 leaves + Appendix, pp. 48 + Index, 12 leaves. Written on fly-leaf: "To the Editor of the Times. Friday, October 5, 1866. Sir, Your culinary critic is wrong in thinking Mrs. Glasse allied to Mrs. Harris. The former lady lived in the flesh in Edinburgh about 1790. She taught cookery to classes of young ladies. My mother was a pupil and fondly showed in her old age to her children a copy of Glasse's Cookery, with the autograph of the authoress, gained as a prize in the School of Cookery. This book did contain 'Catch your hare.' I am etc. M. D."

ACCOMPLISH'D HOUSEWIFE, THE.

The Accomplish'd Housewife; or, the Gentlewoman's Companion, etc., etc.

London: Printed for J. Newbury, at the Bible and Sun near the Chapter-House in St. Paul's Church-Yard, and B. Collins, Bookseller, in Salisbury. 1748. 8vo, old calf. Title, Preface, and Dedication, 7 leaves + pp. 431 + Index, 6 leaves.

HARRISON, SARAH.

The Housekeeper's Pocket-Book; And Compleat Family Cook, etc., etc. By Mrs. Sarah Harrison, of Devonshire. The Fourth Edition.

London: Printed for R. Ware, at the Bible and Sun on Ludgate-Hill. 1748. 8vo, old calf. Title and Dedication, pp. iv + Preface and Contents, 2 leaves + pp. 268 + Index and Tables, 18 Leaves. I have another edition, without name of author or date, but with 1783 printed under the engraved frontispiece.

LA CHAPELLE, VINCENT.

The Modern Cook's, and Complete Housewife's Companion, etc., etc. By Mr. Vincent La Chapelle. The Fourth Edition.

London: Printed for R. Manby and H. S. Cox on Ludgate Hill. 1751. 8vo, old calf. Title and Dedication, 2 leaves + Preface and Contents, pp. xl + pp. 432. At end, 6 folding plates.

CLELAND, ELIZABETH.

A New and Easy Method of Cookery, etc., etc. By Elizabeth Cleland. The Second Edition.

Edinburgh: Printed by C. Wright and Company: And sold at their Printing-house in Craig's Close, and by the Booksellers in

Town. 1759. 8vo, in Boards. Title and Contents, 7 leaves + pp. 232.

VERRAL, WILLIAM.

A Complete System of Cookery, etc., etc. By William Verral, Master of the White-Hart Inn in Lewes, Sussex.

London, Printed for the Author, and sold by him; As also by Edward Verral Bookseller, in Lewes: And by John Rivington in St. Paul's Church-Yard, London. 1759. 8vo, old calf. Title and Contents, 7 leaves + Preface, pp. xxxiii + pp. 240. On inside of cover, book plate of "John Urry." Written on fly-leaf, "Mrs Urry, 1st November 1775."

PRICE, ELIZABETH.

The New Book of Cookery; or Every Woman a perfect Cook, etc., etc. By Mrs Eliz. Price of Berkeley Square. A New Edition.

London: Printed for the Authoress, and sold by Alex Hogg. No date — probably between 1760 and 1770. 8vo, old calf. Title and Preface, 2 leaves + pp. 114 + Index, 1 leaf. Bound up with it, Mrs. Price's "New Universal and Complete Confectioner." Frontispiece, engraving on copper. Title, Preface, Contents, pp. viii + pp. 371 + Alex Hogg's Catalogue, pp. 12.

TOWN AND COUNTRY COOK, THE.

The Town and Country Cook; or Young Woman's Best Guide, in the Whole Art of Cookery, etc., etc.

London: Printed for W. Lane, Leadenhall Street, and sold by all other Booksellers. No date. Probably between 1760 and 1770. 12mo, in boards. Frontispiece, engraving on copper of a kitchen. Title, 1 leaf + pp. 84.

GELLEROY, WILLIAM.

The London Cook, or The Whole Art of Cookery made easy and familiar, etc., etc. By William Gelleroy, Late Cook to her Grace the Dutchess of Argyle. And now to the Right Hon. Sir Samuel Fludger, Bart. Lord Mayor of the City of London.

London: Printed for S. Crowder and Co. at the Looking Glass: J. Coote, at the King's Arms, in Pater-noster Row; and J. Fletcher, St. Paul's Church-Yard. 1762. 8vo, old calf. Title and To the Reader, pp. iv + Menus and Contents, 9 leaves + pp. 486 + Publisher's advertisement, 1 leaf. 1 folding plate.

MOXON, ELIZABETH.

English Housewifery, Exemplified in Above Four Hundred and Fifty Receipts, Giving Directions in Most Parts of Cookery, etc., etc. By Elizabeth Moxon. The Ninth Edition, Corrected.

Leedes: Printed by Griffith Wright, for George Copperthwaite, Bookseller in Leedes; and sold by Mr. B. Dod, Bookseller in Ave-Mary Lane, etc. 1764. 8vo, vellum. Beginning imperfect + pp. 203 + Supplement, pp. 25 + Sub-title, Bills of Fare, Index, 12 leaves. 8 woodcuts. On inserted leaf, the inscription: "Receipts by Elizabeth Moxon, To Mrs J. Pennell with kindest regards from Charles G. Leland, Florence. Feb. 17. 1901."

MOXON, ELIZABETH.

English Housewifery, etc. The Thirteenth Edition, Corrected.

London: printed for W. Osborne, etc. 1789. 8vo, old calf. Title, Preface, etc., pp. viii + pp. 203 + Supplement, pp. 33 + Bills of Fare, etc., 11 leaves. 6 Wood-engravings.

SHACKLEFORD, ANN.

The Modern Art of Cookery Improved, etc., etc. By Mrs. Ann Shackleford of Winchester.

London: Printed for J. Newbery, at the Bible and Sun, in St. Paul's Church Yard; and F. Newbery, Pater-noster-Row. 1767. Title, Preface, Preliminary, pp. xxiv + pp. 284 + Index, 7 leaves.

RAFFALD, ELIZABETH.

The Experienced English House-keeper, For the Use and Ease of Ladies, House-keepers, Cooks. etc., etc., etc. By Elizabeth Raffald.

Manchester: Printed by J. Harrop for the Author, and sold by Messrs. Fletcher and Anderson, in St. Paul's Church-Yard, London; and by Eliz. Raffald, Confectioner, near the Exchange, Manchester. 1769. 8vo, old calf. Her autograph, Eliz. Raffald, on first page. Title and Dedication, 2 leaves + To the Reader, pp. 111 + pp. 362 + Index, pp. xi. 2 folding plates.

RAFFALD, ELIZABETH.

The Experienced English Housekeeper, etc. The Fourth Edition.

London: Printed for the Author, and sold by R. Baldwin, No. 47, in Pater-noster-Row 1775. 8vo, old calf. Frontispiece, portrait of Mrs. Raffald, engraved on copper. Her autograph, Eliz Raffald, on first page. Title and Dedication, 2 leaves + Preface, pp. 111 + pp. 382 + Index, 7 leaves. 3 folding plates.

MASON, CHARLOTTE.

The Lady's Assistant, etc., etc. Published from the Manuscript Collection of Mrs. Charlotte Mason, A Pro-

fessed Housekeeper, who had upwards of Thirty Years' Experience in Families of the first Fashion.

London: Printed for J. Walter, at Homer's Head, Charing Cross. 1775. 8vo, old calf. Titles and Introduction, pp. vi + Advertisement, 1 leaf + pp. 471 + Index, 10 leaves.

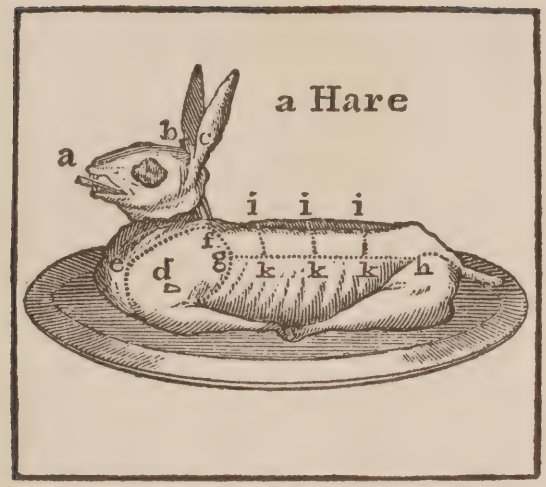
PEGGE, SAMUEL.

The Forme of Cury, A Roll of Ancient English Cookery, Compiled, about A. D. 1390, by the Master-Cooks of King Richard II, Presented afterwards to Queen Elizabeth, by Edward Lord Stafford, And now in the Possession of Gustavus Brander, Esq., etc. Edited by Dr. Pegge.

London: Printed by J. Nichols, Printer to the Society of Antiquaries. 1780. 8vo, old calf. Frontispiece, portrait of Dr. Pegge, engraved on copper. Title and Preliminary, pp. xxxvi + pp. 188. On inside of cover, book plate of "John Wingfield Larking."

HONOURS OF THE TABLE, THE.

The Honours of the Table, or Rules for Behaviour During Meals, etc., etc. By the Author of Principles of Politeness, etc.



Theſe ſkewers are ſeldom removed till the hare is cut up.

Now, there are two ways of cutting it up. The genteeleſt, beſt and readieſt way, is as above deſcribed, to put in the point of the knife at g, and cut it through all the

London: Printed for the Author at the Literary Press, No. 14, Red-Lion-Street, Clerkenwell, and may be had of H. D. Symonds, Paternoster-Row, and all Booksellers in Town and Country. 1788. 12mo, half calf. Pp. 120. With wood-engravings by John Bewick. On inside of cover, card of Capt. R. Williams, Royal Navy. On fly-leaf, book plate of "Walter Besant, M. A."

HONOURS OF THE TABLE, THE.

The Honours of the Table, etc. The Second Edition.

London: The same. 1791.

HONOURS OF THE TABLE, THE.

The Honours of the Table, etc. An Irish Edition.

Dublin: Printed by W. Sleater, No. 28, Dame-street. 1791. The same. Pp. 126.

COLE, MARY.

The Lady's Complete Guide, or Cookery and Confectionary in all their Branches, etc., etc. By Mrs. Mary Cole, Cook to the Right Hon. the Earl of Drogheda.

London: Printed for G. Kearsley, No. 46 Fleet-Street. 1789. 8vo, old calf. Title, Preface, etc., pp. xx + Contents, xxvii + pp. 564.

LADIES' LIBRARY, THE.

The Ladies' Library: or Encyclopedia of Female Knowledge, etc.

London: Printed for J. Ridgway, No. 1 York Street, St. James's Square. 1790. 8vo, old calf. 2 vols. Vol. I: Frontispiece, engraving of "Jno Perkins, Many Years Cook in the Families of Earl Gower and Lord Melbourn." Title and Preface, pp. xv + pp. 407. 3 plates. Vol. II: Frontispiece, a second, quite different portrait of "Mr. Perkins, Cook." Title, 1 leaf + pp. 215.

ORDINANCES AND REGULATIONS.

A Collection of Ordinances and Regulations for the Government of the Royal Household, Made in Divers Reigns. From King Edward III. to King William and Queen Mary. Also Receipts in Ancient Cookery.

London: Printed for the Society of Antiquaries by John Nichols: Sold by Messieurs White and Son; Robson; Leigh and Sotheby; Browne; and Egerton's. 1790. 4to, calf. On inside of cover, book-plate of "Sir Charles Cockerell Bart." Title and Preliminary, pp. xxii + pp. 476.

WARNER, THE REV. RICHARD.

Antiquitates Culinariæ or Curious Tracts relating to the Culinary affairs of the Old English. With a preliminary

discourse, Notes and Illustrations by the Reverend Richard Warner, of Sway near Lymington, Hants.

London: Printed for R. Blamire, Strand. 1791. Folio, calf. The Title-page is engraved on copper. Preliminary Discourse, pp. lx + pp. 137. 2 plates.

ABBOT, ROBERT.

The Housekeeper's Valuable Present: or Lady's Closet Companion, etc., etc. By Robert Abbot, Late Apprentice to Messrs Negri & Gunter, Confectioners, in Berkeley Square.

London. Printed for the Author; And sold by C. Cooke, No. 17, Pater-noster Row; and all other Booksellers in Town and Country. No date. Probably 1790 or 1791. Written on inside of cover, "Anne Jones, Dec. 18, 1791." 12mo, old calf. Title, Preface, Contents, pp. xii + pp. 100.

COLLINGWOOD AND WOOLLAMS.

The Universal Cook, and City and Country Housekeeper, etc., etc. By Francis Collingwood, and John Woollams, Principal Cooks at the Crown and Anchor Tavern in the Strand, Late from the London Tavern.

London: Printed by R. Noble, for J. Scatcherd and J. Whitaker, No. 12, Ave-Maria-Lane. 1792. 8vo, old calf. Frontis-

piece, engraving on copper, portraits of the two authors. Title, Preface, etc., 13 leaves + pp. 451. 12 plates.

FRENCH FAMILY COOK, THE.

The French Family Cook : Being A complete System of French Cookery, etc., etc. Translated from the French.

London: Printed for J. Bell, No. 148, Oxford Street, nearly opposite New Bond Street. 1793. 8vo, calf. Title, Bills of Fare, 4 leaves + Contents, pp. xxiv + pp. 342 + Publisher's Advertisement, 1 leaf.

BRIGGS, RICHARD.

The English Art of Cookery, According to the Present Practice; Being a Complete Guide to all Housekeepers, etc., etc. By Richard Briggs, Many Years Cook at the White-Hart Tavern, Holborn, Temple Coffee-House, and other Taverns in London. Third Edition.

London: Printed for G. G. and J. Robinson, Pater-Noster-Row. 1794. 8vo, old calf. Title and To the Reader, pp. iv + Contents, pp. xx + pp. 564. 12 plates.

MARTIN, SARAH.

The New Experienced English-Housekeeper, For the

Use and Ease of Ladies, Housekeepers, Cooks, etc. Written Purely From Her Own Practice. By Mrs Sarah Martin, Many Years Housekeeper to the late Freeman Bower Esq. of Bawtry.

Doncaster: Printed for the Authoress by D. Boys. And Sold by F. & C. Rivington, St. Paul's Church-Yard, London. 1795. 8vo, old calf. Title, Preface, List of Subscribers, 10 leaves + pp. 173 + Index, 9 leaves. On fly-leaf is written, "The original Edition — very scarce H. B.;" and, below, "The above, in pencil, was written by Henry Bower Esq., my uncle: son of Freeman Bower Esq. of Bawtry, to whom the Book is dedicated by the author of it, his own Housekeeper. J. E. Jackson, Leigh, Delamere, Chippenham, Wilts. April 1867;" and, in pencil, on inside of cover, "Canon Jackson's copy."

BRADLEY, MARTHA.

The British Housewife: or the Cook, Housekeeper's and Gardiner's Companion, etc., etc. By Mrs Martha Bradley, late of Bath: Being the Result of upwards of Thirty Years Experience.

London: Printed for S. Crowder and H. Woodgate, at the Golden Bell in Paternoster Row. No date, probably at the very end of the eighteenth century. 8vo, old calf. Pp. 752.

SPANISH

ALTIMIRAS, JUAN.

Nuevo Arte de Cocina, Sacado de la Escuela de la Experiencia Economica. Su Autor Juan Altimiras. Dedicale a San Diego de Alcala.

En Madrid: Por Antonio Perez de Soto. Año de 1760. 12mo, old vellum. Title, Dedication, and Preliminary, 15 leaves + pp. 152. 1 illustration, woodcut, showing kitchen utensils.

MONTIÑO, FRANCISCO MARTINEZ.

Arte de Cocina, Pasteleria, Vizcocheria, y Conserveria, Compuesto por Francisco Martinez Montiño, Cocinero Mayor del Rey. Decimaquinta Impresion.

En Madrid: en la Imprenta de Don Joseph Doblado. Año de [date blotted — 1757 or 1771 ?]. 12mo, paper covers. Title, Preface, etc., 4 leaves + pp. 480.

MATA, JUAN DE LA.

Arte de Reposteria, en que se Contiene Todo Genero de Hacer Dulces Secas, y en Liquido, Vizcochos, Turrones, Natas: Bebidas Heladas de Todos Generos, Rosolis, Mistelas, etc. Con una Breve Instruccion para conocer las Frutas, y servirlas Crudas. Y Diez Mesas

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DE COCINA,
PASTELERIA,
VIZCOCHERIA,
Y CONSERVERIA,

COMPUESTO POR FRANCISCO Martinez Montiño, Cocinero Mayor del Rey.

DECIMAQUINTA IMPRESION.

CON LICENCIA.

En Madrid : en la Imprenta de Do[illegible], JOSEPH DOBLADO. Año de

con su Explicacion. Su autor Juan de la Mata, Repostero en esta Corte, natural del Lugar de Matalavilla, Concejo del Sil de Arriba, Montañas, y Reyno de Leon, Obispado de Oviedo.

En Madrid: en la Oficina de Ramon Ruiz. 1791. 4to, old vellum. Title and Preliminary, 4 leaves + pp. 232.

LEÑA, CECILIO GARCIA DE LA.

Disertacion en Recomendacion y Defensa del Famoso Vino Malagueño Pero Ximen y Modo de Formarlo. Dedicala A La M. I. Y. Antigua Hermandad de Viñeros de Malaga. D. Cecilio Garcia de la Leña, Presbitero y Vecino de Dicha Ciudad.

Malaga: Por Luis de Carreras, Impresor de la Dig. Episc., de la Sta. Iglesia, de esta M. I. C. y del Rl. Colegio de San Telmo en la Plaza. 1792. 4to, old calf. Title, Frontispiece, Dedication, pp. xiv + pp. 158.

Note. I am more than ever conscious of the difficulties of compiling anything like a complete bibliography of my own books, because of the important additions made to my collection since my MS. went to press. From Spain, my husband has just brought me several old volumes to strengthen my Spanish section, which, I admit, was weak enough. I have now three more editions of the

Nuevo Arte de Cocina by Juan Altimiras: one, the oldest, published at Barcelona in 1758, one published in the same town but without a date, and one issued from a Madrid publishing house, as late as 1817. I have two more editions of the *Arte de Cocina* by Francisco Martinez Montiño: one, vellum-covered, published at Barcelona in 1763, and one in 1823. I have another and very much earlier *Arte de Reposteria* by Juan de la Mata, Madrid, 1747. And I can also boast a copy of the curious *Arte Cisoria, O Tratado del Arte del Cortar del Cuchilló*, by the Marques de Villena, an immensely interesting old 15th century treatise, published in 1766, from the original in the Royal Library of the Escorial; and a hardly less interesting *Tratado de Los Usos, Abusos, Propiedes, y Virtudes del Tabaco, Café, Té, y Chocolate*, edited from various sources by Don Antonio Lavedan, and published at Madrid in 1796 — a book that even M. Vicaire does not seem to know anything about.

While I am in the way of boasting, I think I shall be found more than justified if I record the most precious, bibliographically, of all my recent acquisitions — a copy of Platina's *De Honesta Voluptate*, the earliest of all printed Cookery Books that I, at least, know anything about. Mine is not the first edition, which is reserved only for the Rothschilds among collectors, but it is fairly early — 1503 — in beautiful condition, with the date given at the end, and spaces left for the capitals almost throughout. I count myself fortunate, too, in a delightful little copy of Baldassare Pisanelli's *Trattato della Natura de Cibi, et del Bere;* Venice, 1601, in old

limp vellum covers; while to the kindness of a friend — kindness for which thanks are a poor return — I owe a copy of *L'Arte di Ben Cucinare*, by Bartolomeo Stefani, Bologna, 1687.

Then, I am tempted to add an American section, three or four irresistible little American Cookery Books having come into my possession of late: among them an American edition of Mrs. Glasse, which, I believe, was absolutely unknown until a generous sympathizer in Baltimore found it in his own library and sent it to me — an unprecedented act of generosity on the part of an absolute stranger. But to write of all these treasures would be to rewrite my book. By this unworthy reference to them, I hope at least to give a new proof of the fact that a collection of Cookery Books is not made in a day. But if it were, where would be the pleasure?

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